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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	497
NO MATTER WHO WINS . . . ?	500
THE BANK RATE MYTH. By Richard Winter	501
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	502
THIS ENGLAND	503
A BELLYFUL OF WIND. By Sagittarius	503
THE TRIBUNAL. By Benn W. Levy	503
NOT TOO SERENE REPUBLIC. By Aylmer Vallance	504
SMOKING YOUR OWN. By Hunter Diack	506
CHUST THE CHOB. By K. Jopp	506
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
A Masked Ball. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	508
Two of a Kind. By T. C. Worsley	508
The Movies. By William Whitebait	509
Television Notes. By Anthony Curtis	509
CORRESPONDENCE	510
From Michael Blundell; P. A. Trinder; Norman Lewis; W. Hilton Young; J. Baird; Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P.; J. A. King; G. S. Fraser and Iain Fletcher; Donald C. Gallup; G. B. Purdom; H. Victor Wiseman; Dudley Sommer; Peter Townsend.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Benedict Nicolson	513
THE INDECISION. By Montagu Slater	514
THE CONFLUENCE. By John Holloway	514
REVIEWS:	
Men of God. By Tom Driberg	514
Clown. By V. S. Pritchett	516
Mr. Huxley's Split Mind. By Angus Wilson	516
Cauldron Bubble. By W. Empson	518
REVIEWS—*contd.*	Page
Remember Without Tears. By Arthur Marshall	518
New Novels. By John Raymond	520
Under and Over the Sea. By Gavin Maxwell	522
Slide Rules and Ballots. By Norman MacKenzie	524
Children's Novels. By Antonia White	524
Scraping the Barrel. By Frank Hauser	525
Old and New Detection. By Ralph Partridge	526
SHORTER REVIEWS	526
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	528
CHESS. By Assiac	529
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	529

The Premature Anti-Bolshevists

"WE never thought Nazi jackboots would again stamp approval of an anti-Allied speech," observed the *Daily Mail* last Monday. "We never thought to hear frenzied Hitlerian denunciations of the 'Versailles criminals' at another German mass meeting." This comment is typical of the injured surprise with which most of the press greeted General Ramcke's speech to 6,000 S.S. men gathered last Saturday for a reunion in a West German beer garden. The *Daily Mail* has been no blinder in its support for a German contribution to Western defence than the *News Chronicle* or, at an earlier stage, the *Daily Herald*. Like most of the national newspapers, it has merely swallowed the long series of official handouts with which first Mr. Bevin, then Mr. Morrison, and now Mr. Eden have soothingly assured us that twelve German divisions can be safely integrated into the defences of Western democracy. Now, when the dragons' teeth begin to sprout their armed heads, those who sowed them stand round flapping their hands in dismay. "Krupp is receiving restitution! Guardians of the extermination camps are released! The Waffen S.S. receives recognition for its (premature) anti-Bolshevist crusade! But how terrible! We must at once register the strongest protest in Bonn."

Mr. Eden will make the required protest with the charming ineffectiveness which has won him such popularity, and Mr. Morrison and Sir Hartley Shawcross will chime in appropriately. These protests will be accepted sincerely enough by Dr. Adenauer. For the German Chancellor is neither a militarist nor a Nazi, but a Catholic who devoutly believes in Western European integration as a bulwark against Bolshevism. The trouble is that neither Mr. Eden's charm nor Dr. Adenauer's personal integrity count for anything in the long run. Once a sovereign German State is reconstituted—with the Ruhr industries in the possession of their old owners, with the old nationalist forces free to undermine a feeble democracy and with an army responsible to none—the Germans are bound to set out to destroy the diktat of Yalta as the diktat of Versailles was destroyed in the 1930s. In this process Dr. Adenauer can be relied on to play a part no less high-minded and no less fatal than that of his predecessor Dr. Bruening. German history may not repeat itself exactly, but it is still determined largely by those historical forces which unloosed two world wars.

Those who rearm a truncated Germany, therefore, as a bulwark against Communism should not be surprised when General Ramcke reminds them of some of the historical facts they wish to forget. After all, every single officer and N.C.O. of the new German army was once a member of Hitler's Wehrmacht or Waffen S.S., an organisation which we dishonoured and branded for war crimes only seven years ago. Now we have changed our minds: a few score "criminals" are to stay in prison; the rest must be accepted as Christian gentlemen. We have no right to be surprised if their spokesmen reply a little roughly: "You can have all or none. Admit you condemned the Wehrmacht unjustly and fought the wrong war, and we will be willing to accept you as allies. Those are our terms, and if you want a German army, *we*, the cadres of it, are the only Germans who really matter."

That should be clear enough. But already the ostrich heads, raised for a moment last Monday, are dipping gracefully towards the sand. Reassuringly we are told that General Ramcke is a voice from the past, out of tune with the European spirit of a new Germany. In fact the S.S. believed in a united Europe and an anti-Communist crusade to liberate the East territories some years before General Eisenhower. General Ramcke is not a voice from the past, but a prophet of what will be the future, if the U.S. continues to make German rearmament the price of dollar assistance, and if Britain aids her in stamping down the protests of the French people, of the great majority of the Germans in the Western Zone, and of the whole world on the Eastern side of the Elbe.

Korean Shuttlecock

Mr. Acheson's speech to the U.N. Assembly was designed both to defend the Administration's Korean policy against the attacks of the Republicans and to toss the blame for the continuing war back to the Communists. This was a difficult assignment. No one can talk sensibly about the future, because no one knows who will control Congress and the White House after the end of the year. Mr. Acheson therefore sought mainly to justify what had been done in the name of the U.N. in the last two years, to secure the Assembly's endorsement of the stand taken on prisoner repatriation, and to insist again that the U.S. wants a peace on honourable terms. There is no doubt that the Americans will be able to find a majority for their motion. But there are a number of delegations, especially those from Asia, which are less concerned with the record of the past than with ways and means of stopping the Korean war, where U.N. casualties alone are now running at the rate of more than a thousand a week. Total casualties since the truce talks began, including civilians, will soon be getting close to the number of prisoners whose status has become the main obstacle to a truce. For some delegates, in short, it is becoming a nice question whether humanitarian principles are served best by considering the prisoners or the present and future casualties of an apparently endless war.

Mr. Acheson held out no hope of any settlement so long as the Communists refuse to budge on the question of prisoners. The Administration's policy is to continue as before, still restricting the war to the Korean peninsula. It is even less clear what the Republicans want. General Eisenhower has been trying to whip up the farm vote by holding out vague hopes of "getting the boys back home," by capitalising on the new casualty figures, and by offering to go out to Korea himself in a bid to wind up the war. But, however effective this may be as campaign rhetoric, it remains mere demagogy unless the General is more specific. It is nonsense to talk about the "Asians"—presumably the South Koreans and some Kuomintang units—being able to hold the line. The Americans cannot quit Korea so long as the war goes on. The General must know this. But he seems to have no clear recipe either for victory or a cease-fire.

Poor Look-out for Motor Cars

The decision of the Minister of Supply that a greater proportion of U.K. motor car production may be sold on the home market is a long-term threat to the industry and the admission of an important defeat for British exports. The basic fact about the post-war motor industry is that it is far too big to be sustained by any foreseeable home market. Exports are as essential to the industry itself as they have been to the national balance of payments. But the success of the industry in foreign markets has been achieved only by the Labour Government's great determination in driving the Big Six at their jumps. On numerous occasions there have been temporary set-backs when, on account of the impossibility of maintaining large numbers of new cars in store, temporary diversions have been made to the home market. Each time this has happened in the past, the industry has known that its steel allocation depended on achieving its export target over the year as a whole; and each time ingenuity has surmounted the obstacle. Now the difficulties are becoming greater. Import restrictions have severely limited, or even eliminated, some markets. The engineering industries of Western Europe are beginning to present serious competition. If the Government relaxes its stringent controls, the main effort of the industry both in design and salesmanship will inevitably be directed to cashing in on the home demands, and markets which British motor cars have been successfully penetrating are likely to be lost for ever.

The advocates of this policy—who couple it in many cases with a call for reduced Purchase Tax—are in danger of advocating a policy which will do irreparable damage to our foreign trade and may in the long run lead to redundancy, if not bankruptcy, in parts of the existing industry. Those who now argue that there is urgent need for a quick stimulant to an industry which faces immediate difficulties and need no longer be severely limited by shortage of sheet steel, must recognise that the mopping up of the existing unnatural home demand is a stimulant which can be used only once and which is likely to leave behind it a permanently damaging reaction.

Trade Recession and Wages

It is against the background of declining exports and serious incipient unemployment—highlighted this week by the news that the National Dock Labour Board is now paying £70,000 a week to 16,000 idle dockers under the guaranteed "fall-back money" scheme—that the outlook for various current wages disputes has to be assessed. Will the engineering and shipbuilding unions ultimately agree to the same sort of advance (about 7s. a week) as that which the railwaymen have accepted? Skilled workers generally seem to be dissatisfied with this offer, and will possibly press their unions to re-enact the policy of banning overtime and piece work until their claims are more fully met. So long as profits are running at their present high level, it will be difficult to convince them that the industry cannot afford more for its skilled workers, though the fact is that high profits are largely the result of big differences in efficiency between firm and firm. On the other hand, an advance of 7s.—a figure which "authority" appears, for no very clear reason, to regard as an appropriate offset to the rise in the cost of living—will at any rate help the lower-paid workers; and the influence of the "General" unions, worried by growing fears of redundancy, will probably be exercised in favour of accepting the employers' offer.

The outlook in the coalfields is more doubtful. The miners have been patient: their demand for a "substantial increase" was first tabled on March 14, and the decision of the National Reference Tribunal to reject the demand for 30s. a week unequivocally, with no suggestion of an alternative award, will be badly received in the pits. There may, indeed, be a move to stop, as a protest, voluntary Saturday shifts. It is true that inland consumption of coal, reflecting the general recession, has dropped this year already by 3m. tons as compared with 1951; and it may be that the greater availability of Polish and other European supplies threatens to make the export trade less of a seller's market for Britain than seemed likely to be the case a year ago. The miners, however, are unlikely to forget so soon the sermon preached by successive Governments, that national recovery will depend on their efforts. It will take a lot to convince them that they should receive nothing when at any rate a "cost of living advance" is offered in other less arduous industries.

PARIS

France Angry

Our Paris Correspondent writes: That France was getting a raw deal everywhere was the keynote of both President Auriol's speech at the opening of the Donzère-Mondragon power station on Saturday and of the recent debates at the National Assembly. The anger was great over the American vote on Tunisia and Morocco at U.N., and Mr. Achesop's subsequent "explanation" that there had been a mistake merely provoked the comment: "No doubt he'll also make a 'mistake' when it comes to voting for Stevenson or Eisenhower." Stories were published in the press of "shady U.S. deals with the Arab-Asian bloc" in terms of which the U.S. would support it against France, in exchange for a free hand for the U.S. in the debate on Korea. There is anger also over the Saar and the breakdown of the Franco-German talks; this breakdown is largely attributed to the encouragement given by the U.S. to the Bonn Government to hold out for *de facto* incorporation of the Saar.

Last Friday's debate on Indo-China at the National Assembly was a morose and depressing affair. M. Pleven made a brief statement on the recent reverses. M. Giovoni, the Communist speaker, called for peace negotiations. Pleven angrily remarked that M. Giovoni had not uttered a single word of sympathy for the French soldiers dying in Vietnam, a remark which provoked old Marcel Cachin into retorting: "We are the only ones trying to save their lives!" M. Naegelen, for the Socialists, no longer (as his Party did in the past) asked for an armistice in Indo-China, but pleaded instead that France was losing far too many young men there, was weakening herself in Europe, and it was high time others "relieved" her in Indo-China. On the following day President Auriol spoke on the same lines, saying that American Aid to France had been much appreciated, but both Marshall Aid and military aid had represented a total of 800 milliard francs—about half of what the war in Vietnam had cost France.

Another sign of great French uneasiness is the decision of M. Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, to take no further part in elaborating a Political Charter for Europe. This move signifies a diminishing enthusiasm on the part of the French Socialists for the Adenauer-Schuman concept of a "Little Europe" (so hated by the S.P.D.), and a reluctance on his part to commit the Socialists to supporting the European Army "in its present form." To this almost everybody in France, except the M.R.P., is unfavourable—especially after the Herriot "bombshell" at Bordeaux.

To appease M. Schuman and the M.R.P., M. Pinay had to agree to table the ratification Bill at the Assembly next month, but it is unlikely to come up for discussion until February. The whole behaviour of Bonn, the bellicose pronouncements of Kesselring, the S.S. Rally and similar monstrosities beyond the Rhine have not encouraged French visions of a Franco-German idyll *à la* Schuman (1949 style).

EDINBURGH

New Covenant Tactics

A Scottish Correspondent writes: After a long period of stalemate, the Scottish Covenant Association last week-end re-entered public life, when it launched a new declaration form which commits its signatories to vote only for those Parliamentary candidates who support self-government. Quite deliberately, this somewhat prosy declaration (it can have no "popular" appeal) is aimed at a relatively small number of electors in eight marginal constituencies where the majorities at the last election ranged from 72 to 1,582. The question is whether there are enough electors in these divisions (five are held by Conservatives, and three by Labour) who are prepared to put the cause of self-government above party. All recent political experience in Scotland points the other way. There is, therefore, an air of unreality, if not of despair, about this latest Covenant move. No one knows what fresh big issues may face Scottish, as well as English, voters at the next election. Furthermore, both Socialist and Conservative candidates will be able to take advantage of the fact that the Government has appointed a Royal Commission of Inquiry into Scottish Affairs. It is true that it may be two years before the Commission will report (it was appointed last July), but that is part of the game, which, to some extent, the Covenant movement has lost during these months in the wilderness.

DELHI

"Third Party" Opposition

An Indian Correspondent writes: The merger, now completed, between the Socialist Party and the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party (K.M.P.P.) was initiated by the Socialists as a result of the lack of success they achieved in the general election. In the poll, 45 per cent. of the votes were secured by the Congress, 5 per cent. by the Communists, and the rest divided among Independent candidates and 77 (mostly small) political organisations, of which the Socialists, with 11 million votes, and the K.M.P.P., with 6 million, were the largest. The Socialists, who secured actually fewer seats than the Communists, feared that a dangerous polarisation was taking place between the Congress and the extreme Left, and that something must be done to consolidate the splintered non-Communist Opposition vote. The new Party, which is entitled the Praja (People's) Socialist Party, and which is likely to absorb other groups such as the Forward Bloc and the Kerala Socialist Party, is designed as a first step.

The resolution enacting the merger expresses the hope that the P.S.P. will provide "the forum for the emerging of the vital social philosophy that would give the people an unwavering sense of direction." Against this somewhat vague aspiration must be set the fact that, though a further objective is stated to be "to establish through peaceful means a democratic Socialist society," the members of the K.M.P.P., now included, have never been remotely Socialist in their political philosophy. They are simply ex-Congressmen who seceded on purely personal issues and banded together in 1951 under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Kripalani to fight the election. Their only real distinction was their claim that they were truer Gandhians than the official Congressmen. If the new party can develop, between now and 1957, a more efficient machine than the Socialists had last time, it may fare better than its two components did separately. The trouble is, however, that the Socialism which the old Socialist party advocated, and whose latest version was given this year at the Pachmari Convention of the Party, may be blurred out of recognition.

Each of the two elements in the new party helps to convert the other; but old party associations will persist and it may not be easy to enforce discipline. In States like Bombay, the Socialists will doubtless predominate; but in others like Mysore, where the K.M.P.P. was the stronger party, the old character of the K.M.P.P. will be the ruling influence. In short, the P.S.P. is in danger of becoming a coalition of democratic anti-Congress elements so broad that the original Socialist core may be buried out of sight.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Miners on Strike

A Correspondent writes: Events in Kenya are marching side by side with another kind of crisis in Central Africa. The African strike on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt affects the largest and most successful African trade union in any part of British Africa; and, although the strike itself is of a purely economic nature, it may well set up a milestone in African political development. The Northern Rhodesian African Miners Union now has some 33,000 paid-up members out of a total African mining force of about 38,000. Such has been the enthusiasm of the rank and file in favour of strike action for higher pay that the union reports a thousand new members since the dispute began.

The dispute is over basic wages. The union has asked for an increase of 2s. 8d. a shift for all workers, which would bring the pay of surface workers up to £5 16s. for a month of 25 working days, and for underground workers to £6 6s. a month. This would have cost the copper companies about £1,800,000 a year on the basis of an African labour force of 40,000 in 1953. The union maintains that the companies could certainly afford this. The price of copper is now at an all-time high of £285 a ton (though it was still judged "workable" in 1935 at £40 a ton); and two new mines are being opened. Annually the mines now pay about £18 millions in income tax, while their profits can reasonably be described as fabulous. Rhokana, for instance, paid a total dividend in 1951 of 200 per cent. (these mines, unlike the gold mines in the Union of South Africa, were never over-capitalised), while Anglo-American paid 51 per cent.

In spite of this great and apparently assured prosperity, the companies have acted with a grinding meanness towards these very reasonable African claims. During conciliation, the companies made a first offer of an increase of six shillings a "ticket" (which equals 30 working days) on basic pay for surface workers and eleven shillings for underground workers. They also offered increased overtime rates for Sunday work and threepence a shift for afternoon and night shifts. When the union turned this down, the companies suggested that all workers should be "scaled up" by one incremental stage—which meant in fact a penny a day on their wages. The union refused this too, and a ballot favourable to strike action followed. The companies agreed to go to arbitration, but this the union also refused, believing that arbitration would be bound in any case to go against them. The Government and the copper companies have worked for so long on the assumption that the prosperity of Central Africa in general, and of Northern Rhodesia in particular, must depend on "cheap Native labour" that the Africans have lost any faith they might once have had in promises that the Government has the Africans' interests at heart.

Their demands, after all, are not great. The African miners base their claim on the view that £6 a month, in addition to basic rations and a house, constitutes the minimum on which a man and his family can feed and clothe themselves adequately and provide such domestic amenities as light and fuel. Basic rations, it is true, are given to the lower-paid workers. These are "essential foodstuffs"; but Africans now consider sugar, bread, and even tea more and more as necessities rather than as luxuries—and a worker earning less than £6 a month in Rhodesia cannot afford these commodities.

COMISCO

Two Internationals or One?

A Correspondent writes: As Prime Minister of the Government which signed the Treaty recognising Burmese independence, Mr. Attlee will receive a sincere welcome when he visits Rangoon next January. His comradely chairmanship of the discussions in Whitehall persuaded the Burmese delegates that their "last fight" could be won round the conference table. There will be mutual respect and agreement about the past. The differences may arise when this Fraternal Delegation from the Socialist International, Mr. Attlee, Guy Mollet and K. Bjoerk, discusses foreign policy with the members of the Asian Socialist Convention. At the last meeting in Rangoon this Spring, it adopted a joint statement drafted by U. Kyaw Nein (Burma), Djohan Sjahruzan (Indonesia) and M. S. Gokhale (India) pledging support for the efforts of the oppressed masses of Asia to escape from national and social bondage, while strictly adhering to a policy of non-involvement in either of the two Power-blocs. "Both Powers," U. Kyaw Nein said, "are cooing like doves but hold a dagger in each hand. America persuades and cajoles governments, whether democratic or dictatorial, to join them in the name of Democracy, while Soviet Russia also persuades and threatens its satellites in the name of world peace to join her camp, denouncing and shooting those leaders who do not." He advocated a "third camp," headed by Asian Socialist Parties and forming a group of nations who might help to avert a third world war.

Every Socialist Party in Asia—including the recently formed Pan-Malayan Labour Party—subscribes to this idea, and the Governments of India, Burma and Indonesia have adopted it as the core of their foreign policy. Indeed, it is extremely unlikely that any Government in Asia, outside Siam and the Philippines, both of them in the American orbit, could win the support of their people for any other policy. Until the recent meeting in Milan, where delegates were present from India, Malaya and Japan (both Right- and Left-wing parties) with fraternal delegates from Burma and Indonesia, the Asian Socialists have met alone. "The Asian parties," Morgan Phillips stated, "are afraid that joining the Socialist International might involve abandonment of their neutrality, or lay them open to charges of abandoning their neutrality"; there also exists "a suspicion that the Western Socialist Parties, who are regarded as constituting the Socialist International, are tainted with colonialism." There is, therefore, the danger of having two Socialist Internationals, divided, in effect, on racial lines.

This is what Mr. Attlee and his colleagues hope to avoid. If the Asian parties cannot be drawn into the Socialist International, they will try to make some other plan by which all Socialist Parties can co-operate. The crux is the attitude of European Socialist Parties to the Cold War, and especially their role within N.A.T.O. All else follows from this—agrarian policy in Asia, the economic development of Asian countries, and "Asia and world peace," all of which are down on the preliminary agenda of the January Conference.

If Asian Socialists can bring home to their European comrades the strength of Asian opinion in favour of an independent foreign policy, the Socialist International may yet provide an important platform for a constructive peace policy.

WESTMINSTER

Mr. Bevan's Big Decision

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Parliamentary Labour Party voted last week to suppress the Bevanites, advised by its leaders that this was the road to unity. This week a good many Members—perhaps a majority—are wondering anxiously whether the decision was a wise one. Yesterday's valedictory statement by the now illegal group, printed in full in our Correspondence pages, was an impressive counterblast. It accepted "loyally" the decision of the Party, but indicted it with arguments which will seem equally formidable to liberal opinion and to the great majority of constituency parties, which take the Morecambe decisions seriously. Already more than one Labour Member is said to be under sharp interrogation by his local Party about his share in last week's vote. Moreover, Mr. Bevan himself is angry at the leadership's contemptuous rejection of his conciliatory plea to delay the decision and allow "behaviour to reveal itself." Certainly he has given no indication of his intentions towards next week's election to the new Front Bench.

It is clear that, if he stands, he and perhaps one or two others of his followers will be elected: for a variety of reasons most of those who voted against him last week are anxious to see him safely on the Front Bench. But Mr. Bevan has to solve a tricky problem, and the solution may prove decisive for himself and his supporters. The popular act would be to accept the gift he is offered and risk its turning out to be a Greek one. If he does this, he will immediately create the façade of unity, to the great relief of all those who fear that continued dissension is the Party's only real danger. It is possible, too, that he would find enough opportunities on the Front Bench to succeed in reinvigorating a leadership which is partly discredited even among those who oppose Mr. Bevan. On the other hand, it is equally possible to argue that the events of last week were planned not as a surgical operation in the interests of unity, but as the first phase of a military operation designed to crush Mr. Bevan and discredit the Morecambe conference. The second phase might then be to take Mr. Bevan prisoner and hold him *incommunicado* on the Front Bench, leaving the Bevanites without organisation and without vocal leadership.

And if that were to happen, what would be the reaction of their followers in the country? It might well be a sense of frustration and bitterness that once again Left-wing leaders had led them up the garden, only to desert them in the face of counter-attack. There is no need for Mr. Bevan to announce his decision for a few more days; and no doubt he would like to weigh, among other factors, the result of the High Wycombe election before finally committing himself. His dilemma is to estimate whether in fact there is an essential clash between loyalty to the Party as a whole and co-operation with the Parliamentary leadership, which is unlikely to be radically changed in the next Session. If he decides there is, and if—an even more delicate decision—he doubts his ability to continue a vigorous Left-wing leadership from the Front Bench, it is difficult to believe that he will consent to walk into what could be a trap. Nobody envies him a decision which is as important as it is finely balanced.

No Matter Who Wins . . . ?

(By Our Washington Correspondent.)

THE merciless strain of the weary election campaign is now drawing to a close, leaving a profound uncertainty in the minds of most political analysts. The present unwillingness to predict is not based on mere distrust of public opinion polls or the fear of striking political matches with once-burnt fingers. There seems this year to be a deep conflict within the minds of many voters. Not more than half approach the polls with any compelling preference. There are many whose disenchantment with Eisenhower still discourages them from voting for a Party old and tired in office. There are many who see Korea as a purposeless bloodbath and yet fear a General in the White House. There are those who blame world tension on internal treachery yet cannot stomach McCarthy. Outside the party regulars are great groups who have various misgivings, either about the candidates, or the candidates' associates, or the doctrinal issues. Asked which party best serves the individuals polled, a majority answers the Democrats; asked which man they prefer as President the same group says Eisenhower. Families are split, with the husbands frequently announcing for Stevenson and the wives for Eisenhower, and others ask if they can vote for Ike but not for Nixon.

Yet it cannot be said that they have had no opportunity to discuss the issues, or learn about the candidates. The whole campaign is staggering in its scope. It has lasted longer than any other, with more political leaders taking part, with bigger and fancier trains, with more and more speeches through more and more towns. Television appearances at the end of a long day by a presidential candidate who has already made a dozen speeches and travelled a thousand miles, must reveal no sign of strain on the twenty-inch screen lest rumours start that his health is insufficient for the even more gruelling task ahead. At all times he must be amiable, supercharged with energy, smiling and alert. Each side has had more than ample opportunity to present its arguments. Listeners and viewers in their homes, enthusiasts attending the rallies, the curious and the faithful at whistle stops have all had a chance to make up their minds. And yet the conflict remains, with the likelihood that in many cases it will only be resolved within the seclusion of the voting booth.

In terms of issues, Stevenson has these advantages: the Democrats have a record of good times, full employment and a rising standard of living for the working man. Stevenson himself has the endorsement of virtually the whole of organised labour, he has the support of most of the Negroes, yet he is unlikely to lose the deep South. There is a considerable aversion among many people to the prospect of a military man in the White House. The Democratic party, when not seriously split, as it is not seriously split now, is the larger party in terms of registered membership, and more than 50 per cent. of the voters have supported it strongly during the last 20 years.

On the other side General Eisenhower has many forces working in his favour which were absent in the recent elections. A principal one is the high cost of living with continued inflation. This is a strong issue among many people who are normally Democrats, particularly the housewives, the pensioners and the retired. In a country accustomed to decisive showdowns the long stalemate in Korea is frustrating and inexplicable. General Eisenhower's shrewdly timed pledge to visit Korea himself may have enormous drawing power. There is a widespread fear that the Democrats have been soft towards Communists in key positions. Corruption has shocked taxpayers whose taxes are much heavier than they are accustomed to, and many genuinely would like to see a change of the Administration merely in terms of efficiency.

In terms of personalities the Republicans began with every advantage. Dwight Eisenhower was known throughout the country, his smile was as famous as his nickname. Throughout the campaign Eisenhower has drawn enormous crowds. His presence on a football field or riding along in an open car causes a light to shine. When he starts speaking the light tends to go out. With Stevenson the position is reversed. In a parade he is just another middle-aged balding man with a prim manner and a large nose, who looks faintly embarrassed at standing in a touring car instead of sitting at a desk. His presence does not electrify; when he begins to speak his thoughts and his language do. He has carved a lofty place for himself simply by talking brilliantly, wisely and honestly. He has hurtled into national prominence by sheer force of personality. He has won the admiration of most of the correspondents accompanying him, and by all accounts the admiration of much of Western Europe. Indeed, Stevenson has swept round the United States in a manner which reminds some of his fellow Princetonian, Woodrow Wilson, and others of his fellow townsman, Abraham Lincoln.

Yet are humour, brilliance and profundity the qualities which lead to the White House? Lord Bryce thought otherwise: The American voter, he wrote, "has a lower conception of the qualities requisite to make a statesman than those who direct public opinion in Europe have. He likes his candidate to be sensible, vigorous, and above all what he calls 'magnetic,' and does not value, because he sees no need for, originality or profundity, a fine culture or a wide knowledge." Next week's election will test Bryce's view. For in most eyes the General is sensible, vigorous, and magnetic, while none dispute that the Governor is original, profound, with a fine culture and a wide knowledge.

The public opinion polls, which so many people denigrate publicly and respect secretly, agree that Stevenson is gaining fast and that if the election were held on December the First instead of next Tuesday, he would win handsomely. They are not at all certain whether he is gaining fast enough to offset Eisenhower's original lead. "What has happened to Ike?" is the question so often asked by disillusioned middle-of-the-roaders. Probably Ike himself could best provide the answer. Some charitable well-wishers explain that the G.O.P. which he inherited was deeply torn with dissension and

that as an outsider he could not try to read the whole Old Guard out of the party. Others say that one who failed to see the political dangers of coming to terms with Darlan when there was a military campaign to be won, should cause no surprise by coming to terms with Taft, Jenner and McCarthy when there was an election to be won. There is no doubt whatever that the General's surrenders to the Old Guard have lost him the support of the so-called independent vote. But if the high registrations of this year mean that a large protest vote is building up, Senator Taft's original formula for victory—a fighting campaign by every possible means on old-fashioned Republican principles, without regard to the "me too" vote—will be finally vindicated and Taft himself will be not only right but also virtually Assistant President.

Doubtless it was inevitable that the campaign would descend to its present levels. They always do. Governor Stevenson began by trying to avoid any close entanglement with the White House. He has slowly been forced to accept more and more help from President Truman, and there are sections of the people who view the retiring President with the same feeling of unspeakable horror as others view the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Stevenson too has made compromises, over such matters as the Taft-Hartley Act, whose repeal he did not originally favour, but now does. He first said that he did not propose to run against Herbert Hoover, but the apple-sellers of 1931 are recalled more and more often in his speeches. Both candidates have tended to stretch the facts of history to suit their political purposes. But the worst excesses have not been on the part of the candidates.

Both sides have lost prominent supporters, but when Byrnes, Baruch, Lewis Douglas or two of the Roosevelt sons sailed away from their original Democratic harbour, their parting words had nothing of the bitterness which was expressed by Senator Wayne Morse, or the group of writers, actors and authors—all famous names—who bought nearly a whole page of the *New York Herald Tribune* last week to declare:—

> This time we are lucky, we said. This time we can't lose.
>
> No matter *who* wins, we thought, there will be a *good* man in the White House.
>
> Ike *or* Adlai—you can't go far wrong on either.
>
> But, we thought, it *might* be time for a change at that.
>
> We liked Ike, and we were all set to vote for him . . . in July.
>
> Then the campaign started, and warmed up, and something happened.
>
> Perhaps it was the day that Ike stood on that platform in Indiana with Jenner's arm around him.
>
> Maybe it was the day he rode round Milwaukee with McCarthy.
>
> Or maybe it was the day he cut out of his speech a little paragraph in praise of his old friend, General George Marshall.
>
> You couldn't say just when you decided that you'd had enough.
>
> But somewhere along the line you realised this wasn't the Ike we liked. This wasn't the old Ike at all. . . .

One of the distinguished signatories was Richard Rodgers, who played the accompaniment at a Madison Square Garden rally for Eisenhower last Spring while Mary Martin, from London, sang "I'm in love with a wonderful guy."

The Bank Rate Myth

THE return to the use of bank rate is one of the few measures produced by this Government which is truly conservative in character, in the sense that it implies abandoning rational methods of economic planning in favour of Government by myth and precedent. Mr. Butler has tried to reverse 20 years of progress towards the construction of intelligent methods of economic control. One must look a long way back to find a parallel to his policy. It bears an almost exact resemblance to that pursued during the era of economic disaster which was ushered in by Mr. Churchill's first budget of 1925. But Mr. Churchill's use of bank rate was not wholly inappropriate to the times, and, at the price of a general strike, mass unemployment and the destruction of the country's export industries, it achieved its narrow purpose of keeping sterling on the gold standard for six long years. But even if the present Conservative Government were willing to pay the same price, Mr. Butler would not be able to achieve an equally bitter success. Obstacles have grown up during the last 20 years to prevent the effective use of bank rate.

The purpose of raising bank rate is to restrict investment by cutting down the volume of bank credit with which it is financed, and by raising interest rates on long-term loans for industrial development from all sources other than the banks. As investment has a powerful effect on employment, a restriction of investment will prevent a growth of employment, or cause a fall, thereby stabilising or reducing the purchasing power of the people. In the context of our balance of payments difficulties, this will reduce the public's demand for goods, including those which are either imported in their finished form, or manufactured here out of imported materials. The snag is that raising bank rate is not only reflected in a higher cost of borrowing to industry and the public, but also in a higher cost of borrowing to the Government. This effect is most strongly and immediately felt on short-term Government borrowings. In the days when short-term Government borrowings were small, the Treasury could afford an increase in bank rate without fear of upsetting the balance of the budget. In the 1920's the Government short-term debt varied between £500 and £600 m.; today it varies between £4,000 and £5,000 m. Consequently, a relatively small increase in bank rate can create an embarrassing financial problem for the Government.

The rate of interest on the floating debt has already risen from ½ per cent. last October to about 2½ per cent. at the present time, and this fivefold increase has raised the cost of short-term Government borrowing from about £20 m. to about £100 m. per annum. But 2½ per cent. is not a particularly high short-term rate of interest if one is thinking in terms of using interest rates as the chief method of controlling economic activity. If the Government really expects bank rate to have an effect analogous to that which would be produced by a proper Budget and an effective use of physical controls, it would have to be prepared to pay rates of between 4 and 6 per cent. on its short-term borrowings. Such rates were normal in the 1920's. But a 5 per cent. Treasury bill rate to-day would increase Government expenditure by a further £100 m.-odd per annum on top of the present cost of the floating debt, or by £225 m. per annum, compared with its cost as at October, 1951. This would swallow up the revenue which the Chancellor so gaily distributed last March in tax relief and pension increases.

But this is not all. In the 1920's the amount of investment undertaken by the Government and by public boards was relatively small. But to-day the Government spends heavily on the building of houses, schools and hospitals, as do the nationalised industries on power stations, rolling stock, mining equipment, blast furnaces and coke ovens. Higher interest rates would make these programmes too expensive to carry through. But the Government is not prepared to see plans for essential public investment held up, while in the case of housing it is committed to a 50 per cent. increase in the rate of building. Consequently, it has had to offset the effect of higher interest rates upon investment in the public sector by a number of curious and expensive devices. The amount of the housing subsidy has been increased in order to offset higher interest rates on loans to local authorities. The Government has had to lend £160 m. to the nationalised industries—£60 m. directly to the British Transport Commission, and £100 m. indirectly to the British Electricity Authority—because these bodies can no longer borrow from the public at rates of interest they can afford to pay. And these loans and subsidies have been met out of the proceeds of increased short-term borrowings at rates which the Government has raised against itself.

This has led to further contradictions of policy. For when the Government borrows on short-term, the money does not come from savings but from an increase in bank credit which is created out of nothing. Since the principal purpose of using bank rate is to limit the quantity of credit, the Government has been forced into the idiotic position of having to create additional bank credit in order to offset the effects of raising bank rate, the purpose of which was to limit the volume of bank credit. And this is not the end of the muddle. The Government was not only concerned to limit the total volume of credit, but also more specifically to limit the amount of bank lending to private industry and individuals. Loans of this kind are considered to be illiquid by the banks, that is, they cannot be readily called in and turned to cash at a time of crisis. To balance their "frozen" loans, the banks like to hold at least 30 per cent. of their total assets either in cash or in a form which can readily be turned into cash. The banks consider their short-term loans to the Government to be among their most liquid assets. Consequently, the Government can influence the amount of the banks' "frozen" loans to industry by varying the quantity of its borrowing. By reducing the amount of its short-term borrowings, the Government reduces the amount of the banks' liquid assets, thereby forcing them to curtail the amount of their relatively illiquid loans to industry. But as we have seen, in recent months the Government has been forced to *increase* its short-term borrowings, with the result that the amount of short-term loans made by the banks to the Government has greatly increased, and the proportion of their liquid assets to total assets has risen correspondingly from just over 30 per cent. to about 35 per cent.

With 35 per cent. of their assets in liquid form, the banks can well afford to increase the amount of their lending to industry, without fear of cash shortage in time of crisis. No increase has in fact taken place in the amount of bank lending to industry—indeed, there has been a moderate decline—but this has not occurred as a result of the use of bank rate. Trade and production have fallen during the last few months and this would automatically bring about a reduction in demand for finance. Secondly, the British Electricity

Authority has repaid about £120 m. of bank borrowings out of the proceeds of an issue of long-term securities. £100 m. of these were purchased by the Government itself, which financed its purchases by additional short-term borrowings. The Government, in fact, borrowed £100 m. from the banks simply to enable the Authority to repay £100 m. to the banks. This is mere juggling with banking figures.

All that now remains of bank-rate policy is the myth of its effectiveness, which is being kept alive by the recent improvement in our balance of payments. Since the new monetary policy began, the prices of our exports have remained fairly steady, while imports have become cheaper. Mr. Butler is not responsible for this favourable turn of events. After the outbreak of war in Korea, raw material prices rose very high, as a result of rearmament and stockpiling. Now the demand has slackened; prices are settling down for the time being; and our imports cost less. It is hard to see what the somewhat feeble use of the monetary weapon in this country has to do with these massive changes in world trade. But if the magic of Bank Rate has lost its power, the myth takes a long time in dying.

RICHARD WINTER

London Diary

ENQUIRIES from British and African residents in Kenya have left me very puzzled and dissatisfied. Clearly there has been a serious increase of violence; White people have been killed or molested; three African chiefs have also been killed; cattle have also been maimed—a practice, I'm told, that is foreign to Kikuyu habits. I can get no clear account of Mau Mau; no one seems to have heard of this organization until recently, and the words are said to have no significance in African dialect. Large numbers of people have been arrested; they include, apparently, many peaceful and constitutionally minded African leaders. This sounds like the old familiar police policy of removing moderates who might restrain terrorism with the result of uniting all the nationalist groups against the ruling Power and letting terrorism rip. Are the examples of Palestine and Ireland already forgotten? The danger of this policy would seem peculiarly great in a country where the Africans number over five millions and the total White population is about thirty-eight thousand. Correspondents to Conservative newspapers are similarly dubious about shutting the independent African schools. I'm also told that if the Kikuyu are taking their womenfolk and livestock into mountain areas, that is much less likely to be a preparation for violence than an effort to escape wholesale arrest. But from accounts reaching this country it is extremely hard to gather a fair picture of what is happening. The letters that reach me from settlers differ sharply. They have asked me repeatedly to go out and see for myself. This journal has decided to take this opportunity of inquiry, and I hope soon to talk in person to some of my correspondents.

* * *

There is plenty of literature to fill in the background. Apart from books, there have been several important official inquiries. I must take account of the recent controversial pamphlet *Land Hunger in Kenya* (published by the Union of Democratic Control, price 6d.), written by Mbiyu Koinange who is himself on the Executive Committee of the Kenya African Union. I notice there is still a dispute how far land hunger is really the problem, though the outcrop of violence has brought admissions from Mr. Lyttelton and many of the settlers, that the Africans have basic grievances which must be remedied. The promised Royal Commission will have to ask how far all this is political rather than economic. Are we confronted with a stark assertion by some group of Africans that Kenya is not to be "a White Man's country" and by only a small group of settlers—or so I gather from a letter which we publish this week from the leader of the European Elected Members—that Kenya must go the South African and not the West African way? There is no lack of questions to ask in Nairobi.

* * *

I can only suppose that the reason why the result of the Cleveland bye-election has been passed over is that everyone is waiting to hear what happens at High Wycombe next Tuesday. Certainly this constituency—which includes a largish town (with some new engineering plants as well as its old furniture factories), a spill out of suburbia to the east and, to the west, stretches of the Chilterns so remote that they could be 200 miles from London—will provide an ideal test of what is happening in the marginal seats. John Haire, a first-rate constituency M.P., first won it in 1945, and just scraped through by a few hundreds in 1950. On both occasions he was helped by a Liberal candidate, and it was the fact that the Liberal stood down which enabled William Astor to beat him by a comfortable margin last October. With the Liberals out of the fight once again, it would need quite a big swing to put him in next Tuesday. Indeed, if Haire is elected one could assert with some confidence that Labour would have a substantial majority in a general election.

On the evidence of Cleveland, one must be very optimistic to forecast that kind of result. Of course it is a very different constituency, sharply divided into Conservative seaside resorts and a solid Labour vote in the iron and steel plants a few miles way. But it is disturbing that, on a total poll substantially smaller than in the last general election, Labour's proportion, so far from going up, actually dropped by just under 1 per cent. Cleveland, in fact, is one more bit of evidence to confirm the findings of the Gallup Poll that over the summer the Government largely recovered from the slump in its stock registered at the local elections in April.

* * *

The obvious question is how far divisions in the Labour Party have contributed to this back swing of the pendulum. My feeling is that right up to the Morecambe Conference, Bevanism was a tonic which was invigorating the Labour Party without unduly alarming the floating vote. Mr. Attlee was getting the best of both worlds. The militants, who do so much work, were encouraged by the fact that there was a group at Westminster pressing for more Socialism, while the non-Socialist Labour voter could rest assured that all the talk about a dangerous Bevanite conspiracy was merely Tory hot air. By keeping silent for twelve months, and then suddenly ordering that the Bevanite group should be proscribed, Mr. Attlee has certainly shaken the morale of his supporters, who must either accept the "Tory lies" about Aneurin Bevan as sober truth or face the danger of themselves being proscribed as accomplices in the conspiracy. Labour members of Parliament who were speaking last week-end in several widely different areas all tell me of the dismay and confusion that they found. Left-wingers, stridently indignant at what they regard as an unfair counter-attack on the Morecambe decision, unhappy Keep-Calmers, and anti-Bevanites thirsting for a kill—all the factional divisions which have been distracting the Parliamentary Labour Party for some time have now spilled out into the Labour movement. What is even more embarrassing, the denigration of the Bevanites, necessary to justify the disbandment of their group, is providing the most effective propaganda to the Tories since Snowden also accused his colleagues of "Bolshevism". It may possibly be true that Mr. Attlee had to reassert his authority, but the way and the time he has chosen to do it could hardly have been more distressing to loyal Labour supporters—more particularly in High Wycombe!

* * *

In the amiable *Times* correspondence about the necessity for toastmasters, Sir Carleton Allen, Q.C., has ranked them with the duck-billed platypus as a unique but moribund species deserving of protection. Professor Allen has never used this image in defending some of the hoarier rules of Common Law procedure, but on the whole I think he is right about the toastmaster, and the duck-bill (when you come to think of it) is not inapt. Even those who dislike public dinners should permit them their traditional proprieties, and if the toastmaster goes he will leave only the drill-sergeant to fight the encroaching microphone. Toastmasters, after all, are probably as old as toast—or at any rate as old as the practice of putting pieces of toast in loving-cups. But I confess to liking them (without being fond of public dinners) because of the constantly frustrated hope that, like lesser men, they will break down or make some monstrous mistake.

I shall always regret that I was not at the City dinner where a famous toastmaster heralded what turned out to be an inordinately long speech by Ramsay MacDonald. Having descended as usual from the intimidating, high monotone reserved for "My Lord Mayor, My Late Lord Mayor, Your Grace, Your Excellencies, My Lords," to the little tonal twist of the "Ladies and Gentlemen," he roared in conclusion: "Pray for the silence of the Right Honourable J. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain."

* * *

I read with something like horror the account which the Alsop brothers gave last week in the *Herald-Tribune* of the almost incredible "big lies" with which Senator McCarthy gets away in Wisconsin—and hopes to get away with in the whole of America. I was brooding over this when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar in last Tuesday's *Evening Standard*. Whom did it remind me of? The fanatical, yet shifty eyes, the thick jowls, the demagogue's mouth? I pencilled in a moustache and a lick of hair straying over the forehead. The photograph was of . . . Joe McCarthy!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A husband suffering from 'flu saw the doctor who had just visited him kiss his wife at the foot of the stairs. The husband, "under great provocation," nearly hit the doctor with a milk bottle. But, out of respect for the doctor's profession, he refrained, and punched his wife instead.—*Daily Herald*. (E. T. Scheffauer.)

Mr. E. Fletcher (Lab., Islington) . . . demanded that British subjects should be in as strong a legal position if knocked down by an American as by a British vehicle.—*Daily Worker*. (A. Rafferty.)

If we can't advertise drink we might publicise patriotism and the Royal Navy, neither of which is out of date.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (John Uyens.)

Baptised believer required, earnest for souls, with drapery experience; good window dresser.—Advert in *Methodist Recorder*. (John Mair.)

Whether one agrees with other aspects of Socialism or not, it is clearly bad for any country to have no wealthy inhabitants. The rich are more essential to any community than the poor.—Letter in *Continental Daily Mail*. (Mrs. Nicholas.)

Of the Third Degree ritual, Vindex reports: "When I see the candidate for this mystic experience stripped of his outer garments in a state of humility being led around the darkened lodge, I see the 'darkness that overspread the earth until the third hour.'"—Book Review in *Evening Standard*. (Peter Heathfield.)

A BELLYFUL OF WIND

(After Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!
The frantic crowds have waved and roared.
Full steam ahead! Proceed! But wait—
The captain has not come aboard.

Who now thy course will steer,
Who thy command receive?
The fateful day draws near.
Who, chosen at the polls,
Will navigate the shoals,
And which ship's company will go on leave?
The seamen with the land-sharks stoutly wrestle,
The populace is warned of rocks and reefs
By all the Party chiefs.
The fight sways to and fro,
Blow is returned for blow.
Will mariners or lubbers guide the vessel?

Soon at the mast
Will break the Stripes and Stars,
When to the siren's blast,
And massed bands on the shore,
And multitudinous roar,
And klaxons of a hundred thousand cars
America acclaims the new commander.
The captain with more popular appeal
Will take the wheel,
By rude opponents smeared,
By followers wildly cheered,
Covered with glory, ticker-tape and slander.

Still thou art moored, O Ship of State,
Though soon thy captain must be found,
And with thy high-explosive freight
Thou wilt sail on; but whither bound?
From Allied harbours they behold
Thy figurehead, called Liberty,
More weatherbeaten than of old.
But yet their fleets must follow thee,
Not knowing what thy course may be,
And so in hope and fear they wait.
The whole free world, O Ship of State,
Is hanging helpless on thy fate!

SAGITTARIUS

The Tribunal

MANY Members of Parliament who accepted the principle of conscription did so on the perhaps too ready assumption that the exemption of conscientious objectors would be both feasible and fair. Most of these, I think, may be uneasy indeed if they have since troubled to visit a Tribunal in action. I was present at such a hearing recently—the applicant being a friend of mine—and I was deeply disturbed to realise what an impossible task we have set Tribunals, and how little conscious this Tribunal appeared to be of the basic difficulty.

If any layman or any member of a Tribunal should think the administration of justice in these circumstances easy, he should remember, in fairness or in humility respectively, that the Tribunal is expected to try a man not for a crime, not for a misdemeanour, not for any legal offence of commission or omission, not even for a heterodox opinion, but, believe it or not, for the sincerity of his heterodoxy! It must disentangle the intricate secrets of the human heart, no less. This little task was polished off at the Tribunal I attended in surprisingly few minutes. Few of us, however vain we may secretly be about our perspicacity in "reading character," would happily back our gift to the point of sending a man to gaol; and that Tribunals are placed in this false position is not their fault.

I listened alertly during the brief hearing and can recall no sentence spoken that could be construed as reasonable evidence for supposing that my friend either was or was not sincere. Yet I feared an adverse decision was likely when the Chairman took it upon himself to stigmatise the applicant's appeal as "frivolous." How did he divine that the stranger in front of him, obviously in a state of high tension, was braving the prospect of a gaol sentence out of wanton frivolity? How had he betrayed himself? Was it because he had opined that the Korean War was one that neither side should be fighting? Was it because he had confessed himself grievously shocked by Hiroshima? Was it because he was an artist, and with the wrong kind of haircut? Or was it merely because the Chairman of an earlier Court at an earlier hearing had applied the same damaging word, "frivolous"—a word that I myself would have considered less judicial than prejudicial? At that first hearing, however, frivolity was deduced because my friend had admitted that he could not recall having read any treatise putting the case against pacifism. Ergo, his interest in pacifism must be frivolous. I wonder how many frivolous would-be recruits for the Army have been refused admission on the grounds that they have read no work expounding the case against fighting. But perhaps this is an unfair comparison: perhaps it is proper that the decision to kill should be taken more lightly than the decision not to kill.

How in fact should Tribunals proceed? It is natural that they should ask the young men how they came to embrace pacifism. It is natural that they should find themselves involved in argument on the subject, even though it is not to be expected that they will either say or hear anything new or convincing in such well-trodden fields. They are not to be criticised, therefore, if they fall back upon asking the old routine, unanswerable questions ("What would happen if everybody in England thought as you do?") and receive the old routine, unanswerable answers ("If all the world thought as I do, you, my dear Mr. Chairman, would be out of a job").

The purpose of such an interrogatory is, of course, not to establish the rights and wrongs of pacifism. Fortunately, that is not the Tribunal's function—a point they should always bear in mind. They are not expected to demonstrate whether killing is the greatest evil or whether there are other evils even greater. That is no very simple question. Anyone who thinks otherwise and has never entertained doubts as to the answer has no business at a Tribunal either as applicant or as tribune. The Tribunal's purpose is merely to find out whether the applicant's pacifist convictions are genuine or not. And it is reasonable to suppose, or at least to hope, that a really prolonged discussion on the subject might disclose not merely whether the applicant for exemption can argue his case competently (which is irrelevant) but whether he feels it and is no mere malingerer.

With this in mind I attempted to provide two scraps of evidence (they could be no more) that might help the Tribunal to a fair conclusion. I repeated a private conversation in which my friend had confided that, since he was now the father of a small daughter, he and his young wife felt that for the child's sake this was a crisis in their lives in which he simply must not compromise. Secondly, I pointed out that I knew as a fact that for this reason my friend had resolved to suffer imprisonment for what he believed might be a term of up to three months rather than serve two weeks as a Z Reservist. I suggested mildly that these might be at least indications of sincerity.

But the Chairman was not to be so easily entrapped. I could not fairly expect otherwise. After all, if my simple hypothesis were accepted and every conscientious objector who stuck to his guns at the cost of a prison sentence might be presumed sincere, then every conscientious objector gaoled would be evidence of faulty judgment on the part of some Tribunal. The Chairman hastily pointed out that a man's preference for gaol to recantation might be proof, not of sincerity, but of obstinacy.

Dear me! Dear me! I had known of course, that St. Joan's accusers had considered her wickedly obstinate, just as her admirers have considered her steadfast. But, in my innocence, it had always seemed obvious to me that both sides in using such words were saying something not about Joan but about themselves. For a wild, disrespectful moment it even seemed to me that the Chairman was disclosing to us more about himself than he was disclosing to us about the appellant. I soon realised, however, that the thing was getting too deep for me. Was a man to be gaoled if he were obstinately loyal to his principles and released if he were steadfastly loyal to them?

One thing did and, I am afraid, still does seem clear to me, however, and that is that the rejection of the objector's appeal means that he must either recant or go to gaol. That is to say, he will be gaoled if he is conscientious enough to refuse recantation and released if he is not. This surely must present a grave dilemma to any member of a Tribunal who is not versed in the nice distinction between obstinacy and steadfastness.

What is to be done? The fact is we are far too complacent about the growing practice of "screening" that is becoming an all too rapidly expanding auxiliary to our legal system. People are subjected to screening before they are allowed to make their livelihood in a certain fashion. Political suspects are screened by M.I.5. Prisoners-of-war are screened by the military before their release is granted. Civil servants in certain Departments are screened. Conscientious objectors are screened. Screening is merely contemporary jargon for a

non-legal trial, with serious consequences at issue for the screenees. It is a hateful system, an illiberal system. At the best it can only be defended on the grounds of expediency, as the lesser of two evils, and, as such, should be the subject of unremitting, critical, public scrutiny. The public should not only be admitted but encouraged to frequent the screening of conscientious objectors. So should Members of Parliament. There might even be a permanent inspectorate. The Tribunal should be most carefully manned. Heaven knows, a system that puts a man in the position of judge when there is no concrete charge or evidence before him or body of law to guide him is ideally designed to make him look silly. This is a problem indeed, for the rare combination of qualities needed is not easily available. But at least the knowledge that a jealous watch is being kept upon them, and a healthy democratic protest liable to break about their ears, should help to make them more cautious. Indeed the Minister of War and the Attorney-General might perhaps appoint a small Committee not merely to investigate the existing practice but to attempt the difficult task of devising a better.

BENN W. LEVY

Not Too Serene Republic

ON June 26, 1944, four waves of R.A.F. 'planes bombed the little Republic of San Marino, perched 2,000ft high above the Romagna sea-coast on the sheer rock of Monte Titano. A British pilot on reconnaissance thought he had seen a German ammunition dump in the yard of the tiny, narrow-gauge railway station in this enclave of neutral territory. Considering that the Republic, whose normal population is 12,000, was then crammed with nearly 100,000 refugees, the results of the attack might have been worse. As it was, the State Library and the Museum, housing a treasured Guercino, were blown to pieces and about a dozen private dwellings were destroyed, with a casualty list of 63 killed and 80 injured.

More trouble was to follow for the Sanmarinesi. In September, Kesselring's army, retreating from the Gothic Line, entered the Republic's territory, blew bridges and mined roads; and, a few days later, the tide of battle between the advancing 8th Army and the German rearguard swept round and over the rock where two Christian stonemasons, Marinus and Leo—so the legend goes—founded a monastic settlement long centuries ago. In the fighting, 160 civilians and 350 head of cattle met their death, and there was considerable material damage both then and during the two months' subsequent occupation by Allied troops drawn from four continents.

To-day, San Marino provides, in outward show, a cheering example of post-war reconstruction. Under a Popular Front administration headed by two Captains Regent, supported by a small but adequate majority of Nenni Socialists and Communists in the Council, the *Serenissima Repubblica* has reaped a rich harvest from tourist traffic. The narrow, medieval streets which climb zig-zag steeply from the bus-stop to the Tre Torri are lined with shops selling postcards, mint-fresh stamps in lucrative variety, all manner of earthenware souvenirs, embroidery and seemingly limitless supplies of boxes of *torta*—the "traditional" St. Marino's "bread." (For veracity's sake I must record that the tradition, so I was informed, is less than two decades old; and the last time I saw "bread" of this nature being baked and packaged was in a Warsaw factory!) In short, San Marino has sound commercial instincts, and from the influx of dollars, marks, Swiss francs, and an occasional pound sterling, the Republic's budget has shown since 1948 a gratifying buoyancy: the war dead remain dead, but the material damage has been repaired.

But this is not the end of the story; nor is the Republic to-day wholly serene. From behind his massive table in the Victorian-Gothic Palazzo Pubblico, the Foreign Minister, Socialist Professor Gino Giacomini, had to tell me, with understandable indignation and vehement gesture, a tale of real hardship and injustice. To finance the war-damage, heavy taxation and onerous borrowing had been necessary; and the Republic had not received the aid on which it was morally entitled to rely. First, the Italian Government had defaulted on the annual subvention of £100,000 due to San Marino in lieu of (waived) Customs receipts; and, in 1949, when an effort was made to raise alternative funds by running a casino, Italy had behaved outrageously: armed Italian gendarmes had established road blocks; the cars of all the roulette-minded visitors had been turned back; and the grand marbled casino had to be closed. (Actually the private capital for this venture came from Genoa, collected by an enterprising Rumanian gentleman, Mr. Maximo Maxim, now regretfully resident in Palestine.) Even to-day, Professor Giacomini ruefully observed, the Italian grant was still "under discussion."

But this was the lesser injustice. With Italy, even though De Gasperi and the Christo-democrats might hate the Sanmarinesi's Popular Front, an accommodation would doubtless be reached; but what had I—and here the Foreign Minister's interviewer hung his head—to say, as the representative of a Socialist journal, about the wrong done to San Marino by Mr. Bevin's, Mr. Attlee's, Mr. Sidney Silverman's England? As for the violation of neutrality, casualties and damage done in September, 1944, let that pass: the German rearguard was there, and there doubtless had to be a battle. But the bombing—was there any shred of justification? There had been no German ammunition dump, as every man, woman or child in San Marino would testify. Had not the Republic, which had sheltered Garibaldi in the Retreat, been scrupulously neutral since its last war in 1453 against the Malatestas? And would I—my head was now bowed almost to the table-top—try to rebut the Republic's fair and conservatively figured claim for £420,000? Though the rebuilding of the Museum alone had cost £15,000, to say nothing of the lost Guercino, and there was the shocking list of bereaved widows and orphans, the British Government ("a great lion to an ant!") had behaved ungenerously and callously.

First, in 1948, Whitehall had repudiated all liability. Then, in 1949, a paltry *ex gratia* payment had been offered, totalling a bare £26,000, based, so the Professor said, on a "laundry list" of damage made by a young A.M.G. Major in May, 1945. For each death, £50; for each house hit, £7 10s.; for each crater made in the historic walls, fifteen pence—"the price of two *cappucino* coffees!" Official protests, personal appeals to Bevin, Harold Laski and Hugh Dalton—nothing had availed to soften the official British heart. Finally, last summer, the Captains Regent, writing in noble Latin worthy of the pens of the Vatican secretariat or the *Observer's* Rome correspondent, personally petitioned Elizabeth, *Gratiosa Magnæ Britanniæ Regina atque Hiberniæ ad Septemtrionem versæ*, expressing the hope that she would lend a sympathetic ear and move her Ministers to attend to the Republic's *permodestis postulationibus*, or at least agree to an international inquiry. Alas! the only result was that Elizabette R. replied to the Captains Regent commending them to the protection of the Almighty and subscribing herself "Your Good Friend," but regretting that, as her Ministers had already examined San Marino's claim with all possible care, "there is no further constitutional act we can properly take." All this in English, too!

There, unless the Captains Regent persuade some friendlier State to take the matter on their behalf to the U.N., quoting the precedent of compensation for air-raid damage to Schaffhausen, the matter rests. Satisfied of my personal lack of responsibility, the Secretary of State showed me out, with warm messages for his friends in England, out into the cold glare of the October sunshine on the Piazza, where San Marino's one general was inspecting the twelve men, out of his thousand-strong mobilisable army, at present under arms.

Up past the Museum, where Garibaldi's saddle rests in honour, past little restaurants and cafés deserted now of tourists but each offering San Marino's delicious sparkling *moscato*, past the shop crammed with packs of gipsy playing-cards and scarves, printed surprisingly with maps of the Scottish Highlands, I climbed to the topmost castle of La Rocca. From there, one looked down into the cloister of a little church whose frescoes had been shown me that morning by a friendly Franciscan who could not understand why an Englishman "so sympathetic" was not a Catholic, nor why England had been so mean. Between the colonnades two cheerful choirboys in black cassocks were playing football. Far below in the quarry masons were patiently practising the craft of Leo and Marinus, and, farther still, in the fabulous panorama of grey-brown, crinkled land, I could just descry a cemetery.

There lie the Gurkhas killed hereabouts in a war whose strategy and aims they could have barely comprehended, though those dry, volcanic slopes where they fell may have reminded them of the distant Himalaya. Surrounded by three shameless children who wanted bonbons and six large friendly mongrels who all appeared, despite Albion's behaviour, to answer to the name of Bobby, I reflected on the waste of war, the illogicality of justice and the sorry fate of defenceless neutrals. Sadly I wondered if the England, not of Bevin but of Byron, would have given cause for one of her sons to feel so ashamed of her meanness to this friendly, gallant little State.

Rimini, October. AYLMER VALLANCE

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Schweppshire Post

CRITICS' PAGE

BALLET

A new-found holograph of Schschwov, dancing master to the Princess Imperial, reveals the long-lost step "point-mains", proving that "sur les pointes" originally implied the tip of the index finger.

Small wonder that the *première danseuse* of today, with the long pointed fingernails of 1952, finds this position difficult to maintain.

NEW HAMLET

Denmark à la mode

On the Boulevard Schweppesmann, a novel *Hamlet* to titivate the ever-varied taste of the *gamin à Paris*. By translating back into French the English version of Gide's notes for a French version of *Hamlet*, the elements of Shakespeare's work are silhouetted against a new and startling background. It is clear as never before that the real murderer of Claudius, Hamlet, was usurping the juster claims of the First Gravedigger to succeed to the throne of Denmark.

Was Hamlet Ophelia's Aunt?—is the question which this production dings relentlessly in the mind. So much so that we must ask why is it that never before has Hamlet worn spectacles? Except in the first scene, when Shakespeare specifically tells us that his short-sightedness causes him to be "too much i' the frown", the symbolism of Hamlet's clearer vision is naturally linked with the Elizabethan vogue for glasses with rims of horn, when Ophelia deliberately describes Hamlet's "glass of fashion"

The Susschweppes Cork-Necklace.

An Interesting Find

EXCAVATIONS AT SUSSCHWEPPES

Here, with measuring rod in cms. to show relative size, is a string of early corks proving that a palaeoschweppic era did exist; though whether the corks were ever actually made of flint has never actually been proved. Some of these early corks are so rough that it is doubtful whether they were made by the hand of man or nature or what their function, or whence.

During the cress tea which followed the recent outing of the Wescht Schweppshire Archaeological Society, Mr. Geoffrey Coad-Sanderson, secretary, said: "No cork without a bottle".

Is there a link between the civilisations in this fascinating Süsschweppesian treasure and the recently excavated mug handles of the Persian Gulf?

CINEMA

MASTERPIECE AT THE 'FORWARD'

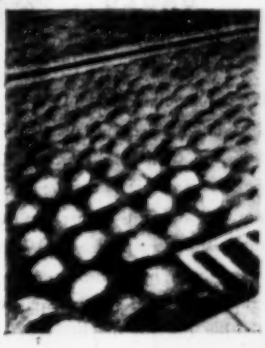
Motobicycletto (English sound-effects) is the simple story of a simple motor bicycle engine and the part which it plays in an ordinary simple community, set amidst the intangible beauties of the Via Latina. I, for one, was deeply moved by this plotless and featureless film of overtones and undertones.

Moses (at the Schweppra Cinema). This film cost twelve million dollars. Verdict: Hi-ya, Mose.

A book of COBELES

Architectural Notes

Our photographer, in this glimpse of a "book" or "sette" of cobbles in the road by the tramlines outside Schwapping Station has caught the natural beauty of intuitive design and instinctively unfettered composition of the untutored roadmaker. We have chosen this picture, taken with an ordinary box camera, because it illustrates also the intuitive beauty of natural design, and the instinctively unfettered roadmaker's untutored composition.



Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Leslie Hunt

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Smoking Your Own

With a moderately priced pipe tobacco costing £3 4s. a pound and the State allowing the private grower 25 lb. free of tax, it is small wonder that the old English craft of growing and curing tobacco is being rediscovered. Is it really worth it? Does the home-curer need either tonsils of brass or the patience of Job? It is twenty years since I first accepted a fill of tobacco from a man who grew his own, but it is only four since I started growing it myself. During those four years, however, I have learned a number of things about tobacco which make me wonder why Bergen Evans did not have a chapter called "Nicotinana" in his *Natural History of Nonsense*.

It is often said that there is something special about the soil of Virginia or the Kentucky "blue grass" country which gives tobacco grown in those regions a special quality. This is not true. It isn't even true of Havana. A Havana leaf will smoke and smell like Havana whether it is grown in that delectable island, Virginia, or Virginia Water. You will get a smaller yield in Virginia Water and you will have to risk the ravages of a wet summer, but the leaves you grow will be unmistakably Havana leaves. Then the process of curing tobacco in small quantities is not an elaborate one. Indeed, the more you elaborate it, the less likely that your cured leaf will resemble tobacco. No need of rum, cane molasses, aromatic oils, or keeping in a hogshead for five years. Moreover, home-grown and home-cured tobacco is not always a second-best, nor is it always less agreeable in buses and trains than commercial stuff. On the contrary, I have smoked home-grown which to my taste was all I could desire.

So much for the natural history of nicotine nonsense. Now for some practical matters. There is neither art nor mystery about the growing of the weed. The philosophy of a tobacco-growing friend of mine is appropriate. "What I always say," he says, "is that it's a weed, and weeds grow no matter what you do to them." So he buys plants, sticks them in the ground and lets them grow. He gets his twenty-five pounds.

There is little art in the curing, and no mystery about how to get results, however mysterious may be the aerobic and anaerobic bacterial processes that go on darkly while your results are being achieved. The thing about the art of tobacco curing that a beginner should note is that, as in all arts, the way of learning is a roundabout route towards simplicity. Thousands of people start with elaborate recipes, determined to get the thing right. From chemist and grocer they gather together cane molasses, cane sugar, honey, saltpetre, black liquorice, acetic acid, aspirin, tartaric acid, coumarin, citric acid, glycerine, icing sugar and eau-de-cologne—then they begin to think about tobacco. With it they do everything except smoke it. Having treated it variously with those condiments, they get really tough with it. They clamp it in carpenters' vices or trouser-presses; they strangle it with yards and yards of strong twine; they hang it from the eaves on dewy nights, and hide it in the cellar when frost comes; they bake it in the oven; they toast it under the grill. Then they are disappointed when eventually they get round to smoking it.

My method is simple. Throw the green leaves in a heap in a dry, warm place—on a piece of cardboard, say, on top of a radiator. The process of "prefermentation," the key to the whole thing, will begin; the leaves will turn yellow and then brown. Of course, the heap has to be turned now and then so that all the leaves change colour as uniformly as possible. When all are brown, strip the leaf off the midrib and let it dry off. Spray the whole batch of stripped leaves with a weak solution of sugar in water, ram them tight into canisters, put the lids on and leave them near the fire or in some other warm place for a week. At the end of the week you will find the stuff smells exactly like a plum-pudding. Shred it then and pack it loosely in canisters. Still keep warm and let the air in now and then. The thing to bear in mind is that coarseness is generally due to too much moisture during curing. Better to alternate between dry and moist than between moist and wet. It is possible by this method to have a rich, cool, and smooth tobacco within a month of harvesting the leaves.

One great thing about my simple method is that I know it's tobacco I am smoking—the sugar, by the way, is not a sweetener but a help towards further fermentation. A great many of the cheaper commercial tobaccos are so "fortified" with aromatics of one kind or another that there is little resemblance to real tobacco. Nicotine is not, I think, craved by pipe-smokers, so if a man wants to smoke perfume, there is no need for him to buy tobacco. With some native weeds a strong solution of liquorice, and one or other of the aromatic essences, it should be possible to produce a smoking mixture which resembles cheap, scented tobacco more closely than that resembles the real thing. After all, what was it that those doctors a few years ago deceived blindfolded smokers with? Bullrush fluff, dried carrot-tops, and dried water-mint?

I broke the law recently; I gave away a pipeful. But this was in the interests of the craft. I gave it to a man who normally will never let tobacco at less than six shillings an ounce into his pipe. He smoked mine and was really surprised at its high quality. I smoked his; but, good though it was, I did not envy him. Every man to his taste.

HUNTER DIACK

Circumstances alter CASES..

What suits the silkworm ... won't do for the glow-worm; what will protect tinned foods crossing the country won't keep a consignment of hats in good shape on their way to Australia. But packaging problems are plain sailing to the Packaging Division of the Bowater Organisation. Bowaters provide for most products that can be packed in paper. That means more than you might suppose; it means fibre drums, corrugated cases, spiral-wound canisters, paper bags in countless shapes and sizes, multiwall sacks, protective food wrappings. Five separate paper-converting companies make up the Packaging Division, offering five different approaches to progressive packing.

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Chust the Chob

The Utility Englishman, also known as the British Foreigner (both names were his own invention, coined to describe his position as a Hungarian Jew, naturalised British), boarded the boat late at Marseilles. The rest of us, the three students from Liverpool and myself, were sitting round in the six-berth cabin we were to share until Haifa, listening to our fifth member, a grocer from Tel Aviv, when the door suddenly opened and in walked the latecomer. Short, dapper, flashing a solitaire diamond ring on one finger and with a smile that borrowed its glitter from the gold fillings buttressing his teeth, he introduced himself all round, and almost immediately the fun began.

Looking back on it, I imagine we had all recognised, from the moment of meeting him, the little grocer's possibilities as a clown. They were inescapable. For one thing, there was his extraordinary English and his inordinate fondness for the phrase "Chust the Chob!"—a phrase which he had picked up while staying with his brother in Bexhill and which he mispronounced with so martial a vigour that it soon became his trademark and his name. Then there was his cheerfulness, the eternal good humour that shone on his round cherub's face—cherubic still in spite of the heavy growth of beard that had to be shaved twice a day to be kept in check. And finally, and most striking, there was his shape. In this respect, he was an exact replica of Lou Costello; a round, shapeless little barrel of a

man, perched on a pair of tiny bent legs which peeped incongruously out from beneath a pair of necessarily tent-like shorts. Add to all this a hairiness which spared no inch of his body except his head, which was unashamedly bald.

As I say, we must have been aware of this potentiality of Chust the Chob's, just as we must have realised that the Utility Englishman was proud of his figure (he might have been an inch taller than Chust the Chob, certainly no more, but in his eyes that inch was an ell), considered himself a man of the world (last year he had spent a fortnight at Monte Carlo), and was convinced that he spoke English like the native that, but for an accident of birth, he almost was. But what we couldn't foresee was the combination that these two produced. They formed, quite spontaneously, the perfect comedy team and their humour was of the kind that, if you have read Sholom Aleichem and other Yiddish writers, you will recognise as specifically Yiddish—a humour born of uncertainty, sharp, effervescent, sometimes naive and always scathingly personal.

Basically, of course, there was a conflict between them. That became clear during the first minutes of meeting and it set the pattern of what was to follow. Briefly, Chust the Chob argued that the only honourable course for a Jew to take was to settle in Israel. But for his own, obvious reasons, the Utility Englishman wouldn't accept this. He was, he admitted, only a Utility Englishman or, if you preferred it, a British Foreigner, and as a Jew he was prepared to take a look at Israel, but no more. He wasn't prepared to surrender his British passport unless—and this he doubted—he found the Israeli one a fair exchange. In England, he said, one could live well and make money, but there was more to it than that. Clearly, this gentleman from Tel Aviv didn't know the real England, "being," he concluded with fine condescension, "being as you are only a foreigner, not a British foreigner like me. Mind," he held up the diamond-decked finger, "mind you don't speak English too bad, not too bad for a foreigner. But not vell, mind you. . . ."

With this, the subject was dropped—ostensibly. In fact, it remained as the source of irritation that made it worth while for each to try to score off the other. Who was the winner in the ensuing contest, it is impossible to say, though since personal remarks formed the bulk of their wit, Chust the Chob inevitably found himself on the defensive more often than not. In this, however, he was quite happy, protecting himself not by countering but by smiling and agreeing, nodding his head contentedly as the Utility Englishman's remarks grew wilder and wilder and his English less and less grammatical. Then, when he heard the by now familiar "Vell, er . . . as a madder of faaact . . . ," he would pounce. For by this remark he knew that his opponent had temporarily outstripped himself and that this was his chance. So: "Yes, yes, my darleeng," he would cry, "how right you are, my Prince of Vitehall" (a title which annoyed the Utility Englishman more by its confusion of districts, Whitehall for Whitechapel, than anything else), and strutting up and down the cabin he would flourish his small arms like a showman at a fair, proclaiming the other's beauties and nobilities and calling on us all to witness what a fine figure of a man was this who now, dressed only in his underpants, sat in state on his bunk unaware that he was displaying rather more of his princely proportions than was normally considered decent. . . . Thus he would have the floor to himself until some minutes later, the Utility Englishman had recovered: in other words, until he had remembered something else to Chust the Chob's disadvantage. Nor was this ever far to seek.

There was, for example, the afternoon when the little grocer, fresh from a nap and dressed in a new pair of even vaster shorts, was observed on the sun-deck in the company of two female passengers. That night, the Utility Englishman gave no quarter. "Vat a nice boy you are looking when I see you this afternoon," he began as soon as Chust the Chob entered the cabin. "It's been a pleasure to see you, really a pleasure, my friend, being as you are looking so smart and clean with your hair smoothed—so—round the sides (we can't help the top, boys: it's Nature vat's to blame for that!) And specially, you know, I like that black tie you are wearing. Oh, I like it very much. Really, it's chust the chob, you know. . . ." "My tie?" For the first time, Chust the Chob was bewildered. But only for a moment. "Sure, your tie . . . here . . . " and reaching forward the Utility Englishman gently, almost lovingly, patted the black froth of Chust the Chob's chest hair as it poked up through his open-necked shirt.

In the end, though, the last laugh was had at the expense of the Utility Englishman, and as usual it was the best laugh. It came on the last morning. We had all packed and breakfasted and were waiting in the cabin for the time to pass. On Chust the Chob's bed lay an enormous doll (a present for one of his nieces), a creature two-thirds its owner's size and equipped with a fuzzy mass of black hair on top of which was perched an enormous straw hat. Since Chust the Chob himself had sprouted a straw hat of almost identical shape and size, the similarity was too good to be missed and the Utility Englishman made the most of it. But, for once, Chust the Chob refused to co-operate. Instead, he returned, deliberately and vigorously, to the subject of his original argument with the Utility Englishman.

It was all very well, he said, for people living comfortable lives in England and America to feel that if the worst came to the worst, they could always emigrate to Israel as a last resort. That was having one's cake and eating it. Life in Israel wasn't easy: one couldn't make money, and if one did, there was nothing to buy—for instance, you wouldn't find a doll like his in all Israel. Yet it was exactly now that Israel needed people of ability, trained people, not later when everything would be comfortable and easy. "You have to choice now," he ended up bitterly. There was a moment's silence. Obviously the words had struck at the Utility Englishman and struck hard, touching once again the secret spring of guilt or resentment which he had kept hidden since that first day. At last, with supreme disdain he turned to the rest of us. "You have to *choice*," he repeated with scornful emphasis. Then, sadly: "Vat a languist. . . ."

K. JOPP

NO MORE A-ROVING . . .

The Bevanites agree to disband

So, we'll go no more a-meeting
So late into the night,
Our victories repeating
Against the Labour Right.

For the corps outvotes the troop
And majorities command,
And the rebel chief must stoop
And guerillas must disband.

Now they boast we've had a beating
And our work must be undone;
So, we'll go no more a-meeting—
But we'll fight on—one by one!

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The Arts and Entertainment

A MASKED BALL

WHY is there so much talk about the unpopularity of *Un Ballo in Maschera*? It turns up regularly all over Germany and Italy; it has often been given in New York; between the wars it received no fewer than four productions in London; it has passed the century mark at Covent Garden. In fact, *Ballo* occupies a place in the Verdi canon just about as high as its merits warrant: that is, it comes next in popularity to the little group of standard favourites, and well ahead of such admirable works as *Macbeth, Boccanegra, Forza, Don Carlo,* even *Falstaff*. There was a notable revival at Edinburgh a few years ago; and now comes a well-studied and dramatically impressive production at Covent Garden, in a new translation by Edward Dent.

Mr. Dent is one of those who firmly believe in the opera's unpopularity, and this he ascribes entirely to the stupidity of the libretto. In his version he has skilfully avoided the linguistic absurdities of Somma, and he has restored the action and the characters to their proper historical setting, the court of Gustavus III of Sweden. This is a great improvement. Little as the average opera-goer may know of Swedish history, he can believe in the gaiety and luxury of an eighteenth-century Swedish court, whereas the association of such behaviour with puritan Boston was always absurd. The frivolous page, Oscar, one of Verdi's happiest creations but the unlikeliest Bostonian of all, is now fully at home; and Gustavus himself, courageous, intelligent, sceptical, pleasure-loving, becomes a real personage. But I doubt if the restoration of the original milieu will be enough to assure for *Ballo* a career as brilliant as that of *Aida* or *La Traviata*. For all the beauty and skill of the music, there are inherent disadvantages in the structure of this opera which nothing can eliminate. The love of Gustavus for Amelia—historically untrue and impossible—is clumsily handled. Admittedly, Verdi wrote for the lovers one of his most impassioned duets; but the very depth and desperation of the King's passion at this point is hard to reconcile with his carefree, nonchalant behaviour elsewhere. Then Amelia lacks the distinct personality, the pathetic and picturesque halo, of such heroines as Gilda or Violetta or Aida. She has splendid music to sing, but she is, after all, only a dramatic soprano in trouble—and, what is worse, in a kind of trouble which has its funny side. With the help of the music, we can just about swallow that midnight herb-gathering expedition to the place of execution, but Verdi and his librettist land the poor creature, by the end of the act, in an openly absurd situation; when the conspirators rock with laughter at the spectacle of a wife choosing such a time and place—and such weather!—for an assignation with her own husband. The composer has been praised for his light humorous touch at this moment; and it is true that the passage is one of those which point the way towards *Falstaff*. But the episode is surely fatal to our romantic conception of Amelia. A heroine so ludicrously compromised cannot command our tears.

The Covent Garden production has great merits. Orchestrally, it is first-rate: the Prelude to the first act told us at once that in John Pritchard we possess a young English conductor alive to the natural curve of Italian melody, and capable of drawing from his players finely graduated and beautiful tone. With a little more vivacity in the brilliant *stretto* passages (for instance, at the end of the first scene), his handling of the score would be ideal. The scenery of Alan Barlow and the production of Gunther Rennert were strikingly effective. Thus, the passages which lie between the well-known set pieces of the score were invariably clear and impressive—far more so than in the average Italian performance. But as soon as the aria or the ensemble itself was reached, more often than not there was a kind of vacuum. Tension dropped. Thoughts wandered. The singing was simply not good enough.

By a piece of good luck, I saw the second performance—not the first, in which I gather that the unhappy Helene Werth had struggled against the dual handicap of a throat infection and an unfamiliar language. On her collapse, the management began a frenzied hunt for Amelias all over Europe. At last a Brazilian soprano from La Scala named Constantina Araujo very sportingly got into an aeroplane at Milan and arrived at Covent Garden with five minutes to spare. This is just the situation dear to the heart of the romantic opera-goer; and, if I cannot call Mme Araujo a new Ponselle or Turner, I can say with truth that her great success was thoroughly deserved. A handsome young woman with a natural sense of the stage, she possesses an easy and ample dramatic soprano of fine quality from low A right up to a perfectly secure high C. I doubt if she has much conception, as yet, of the large phrase or the grand manner—though, in the circumstances, it was perhaps too much to expect even a hint of such qualities. Nevertheless, she alone of the principals conveyed the charm, the vitality and the sensuous exuberance of Verdi's vocal writing. As the fortune-teller, Jean Watson had some fine, full-blooded passages; but every now and then her voice unaccountably dwindled. Adele Leigh, as Oscar, looked dashing and jolly, but her voice has neither bite nor flash until she gets to the very top of her register. Jess Walters was sadly off colour as Captain Anckarstroem (*alias* Renato), and I could not help wishing that the Milanese aeroplane had also contained a baritone. Indeed, a tenor too! Edgar Evans declaimed carefully and acted with intelligence as the King; but in order to establish that brilliant, ardent character the principal requisites are a gallant ring in the voice and the ability to mould a soaring phrase *con amore*; and these are qualities for which we search in vain among the younger English tenors.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWO OF A KIND

OSCAR WILDE'S little absurdity, *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, is not a very obvious choice for adaptation to the stage. Yet in the past fortnight there have been two versions of it on show, and there is said to be another in the offing. Two are more than enough to start with, and incipient playwrights as well as comic actors and producers of comedy would gain considerable amusement and benefit from comparing the version by Miss Constance Cox at the Court with the Arts Theatre version by Basil Dawson and St. John Clowes. The comparison is rather unkind to Miss Cox, for hers might have been accounted amusing enough if the Arts version had not come along to throw it into the shade. At the Court a good joke is kept bouncing along by some broad playing, dusted over with Wildean epigrams. But at the Arts they have created something altogether lighter and more stylish which, though it is by no means of the same class as *The Importance of Being Ernest*, is of the same order as that marvellous blend of high comedy and farce.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, it will be remembered, opens at a party of Lady Windermere's, where the lion of the evening is a cheiromantist, Mr. Podgers. He entertains the guests by telling and foretelling mild scandals. But when he comes to the hand of the brilliant, sensitive young Lord Savile, whose engagement has just been announced, he visibly blanches. He has seen in it that Lord Arthur is doomed to committing a murder. The fashionable young man accepts the verdict unhesitatingly and decides that it would be only fair to his future wife to get the murder over before the marriage. For his first victim he picks an elderly aunt to poison and she duly dies; but, alas, is found to have died a quite natural death. Next he turns to his uncle, the Dean of Chichester. He is to be—exploded. Thwarted here, too, the young man finally is presented with a perfect chance of tipping Mr. Podgers head first into the river just before the discovery that the fellow was anyhow a fake.

At the Court Mr. Jack Hulbert produces, Mr. Claude Hulbert is Lord Arthur Savile, and Mr. Peter Haddon, as the butler, is his confidant and adviser. This combination almost inevitably falls away into the style of musical comedy, and musical comedy of the Twenties at that. Mr. Claude Hulbert gives a sprightly performance, but he is only acting himself. Mr. Peter Haddon is a large, booming, florid butler, but the "servant-young master" theme takes too large a place and the spirit becomes less Wilde than Wodehouse. The Lord Arthur in the Arts version is less of a one-man performance, but more right. Mr. David Markham wisely clings to the little bit of characterisation that this version offers, and characterisation (a thing that light comedy actors and writers nowadays are apt to forget) is the essential bone structure of comedy as well as of drama. Then, at the Arts, Mr. Walter Hudd's butler is a perfect gem. Discreet, po-faced, deferential but dignified, he is just as much in evidence as the butler in the other version, but is much truer to life and, so, funnier. The perfect servant of that period seemed to be non-existent except at the crucial moment when wanted, and then he was always unobtrusively there. This was just what Mr. Hudd caught. His performance is of the highest high comedy and is worth a visit in itself.

But the adaptors and Mr. Stephen Murray, the producer, have done all round an almost perfect little job. I should question only one thing. I quite see that it would require an ascetic self-control to curb Mr. Richard Goolden's Mr. Podgers. This myopic old bumbler is a delicious creation, but it isn't quite in keeping, particularly in the first act (neither version quite manages the moment where the cheiromantist reads murder in the young man's hand); the Court Podgers (John Garley) would really have fitted in better at the

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Arts; and equally for an ideal amalgamation I should have to lift Milo Sperber's bomb supplier from the Court; for he just tops Howard Goorney's. Of the ladies, Miss Marie Ney at the Court and Miss Margaret Halston and Miss Christine Finn at the Arts are the best. But grand ladies are something which present-day actresses find very difficult. The hauteur is missing. A last word for Mr. Robert Andrews, who slides across Wilde's epigrams as neatly and as pointedly here as he lately slid Coward's in the revival of *The Vortex*. T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

Opening of the National Film Theatre
"The Holly and the Ivy," at the Carlton
"The Gentle Gunman," at the Odeon
"Because You're Mine," at the Empire
"Big Jim McLaine," at Warners

A National Film Theatre is ours almost without asking for it, though not without, in our sheeplike way, wanting it. The local rep. cinema supplies some needs. In recent weeks a threepenny bus-ride would have taken me to *La Femme du Boulanger, Bicycle Thieves, La Ronde, Les Enfants du Paradis*: the Hendon New Classic rarely shows a film that I would not willingly see again. But it doesn't offer everything. There are years and years of cinema that it leaves undisturbed; the border is never crossed into silence; a whole lost world remains to be discovered for the grandeur, oddity and fun known to only the most assiduous or long-lived film-goer.

All this the National Film Theatre—formerly the Telecinema, South Bank—will remedy. It has the British Film Institute's collection of 6,000 films to draw on; it has an eye on the future. The first programme (running till Nov. 8) is described as "an appetiser"; and its diversions include stereoscopic sports (already seen), three experimental films by Norman McLaren, a revival of *Pygmalion*, a brief anthology of "Stars Who Made the Cinema": of which, to my eye, the last was the best. This contained Gish (*Orphans of the Storm?*) and Mary Pickford in brisk backstairs comedy; Buster Keaton in, I think, *The General*, and Charlie behind the counter diagnosing and disembowelling a clock—both vindications of the extreme measure and the straight face; Stroheim bedridden and tempestuous, Charles Laughton enjoying an early triumph of the vernacular, Conrad Veidt as a svelt ravishing fiend; Dietrich back at the Blue Angel (ah, what evenings those were!); Garbo outshining Napoleon (Charles Boyer); Fairbanks demonstrating on wall, drawbridge, and turret ledge that to each minute there are sixty nicks of time; Valentino, or the perfect valet turned hero; and a pie-face new to me—Harry Langdon, wobbling round a vamp's stranded car with the shy ecstasy that bicyclism will bring out. One could do with a little more Langdon. Other programmes of diversions, when the famous are wearing thin, might make play with a particular theme, country, or time. Here is an almost untried field for the anthologist.

After the first fortnight public and private hours, programmes and days of showing grow too intricate to be described here: details to be had from the British Film Institute, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

The new films contain nothing likely to fascinate the enthusiast twenty-five years hence. Of the two English pieces, *The Holly and the Ivy* is a cosy little stage play about the awkwardness of having a parson for a father: earnest, sentimental, agreeably trumped-up, and resolved in a roseate flush. Star cast: Richardson (at his most artfully vague), Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton. *The Gentle Gunman* (another stage play) tries to infuse urgency into I.R.A. activities during the war, to instil a moral of non-violence; but the decencies of Ealing don't make here for either conviction or sound thrills.

The Royal Film Performance—what a dreadful list, by the way, this annual event is piling up!—brings us a musical about life in the draft for a popular opera-singer. The singer is Mario Lanza, who can sing opera, though he is not encouraged to do so here. He gives the flourish to a number of unmemorable ditties, discovers a soprano who has been wasting her talents on "commercials," and raises her to the ditty level. A church service in which he takes part concludes with a sermon on the "land of the free," in which privates can sit in church next to generals listening to Lanza.

The seamier side of freedom will be found in *Big Jim McLaine*, a thriller eulogising the Un-American Activities Committee. It's great fun to be a witch-hunter, you get sent to Hawaii, drink under the palms, grin at the flower-decked dancers, lose a pal, smash up the underground, and marry the girl of your dreams. But these American activities don't, even with John Wayne, quite make a film. Warners did not offer a press view, and no wonder. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

THE trouble with current television is that it can still get away with anything. We are all far too ready to excuse the poverty of the programmes and even to explain why out of a whole month it is impossible to find one worth discussing. The invention, we say, is still in its infancy. The problem of coping with everybody at once is insoluble. There are not sufficient suitable plays in existence. Anything good the viewers just wouldn't understand. Do these and similar arguments really justify the sickening stream of third- and fourth-rateness, the patronising complacency, the complete lack of any perceptible standards of taste or judgment? Apart from the occasional outside broadcast of some big event—the National Mod of Scotland and the première of *Limelight* were both efficiently done—the reputation of British television dangles by a thread on two weekly half an hour programmes, *In The News* and *What's My Line?* With these two entertainments inside television has scored what may be described as a true success. Here alone may be found some of the spontaneity, the intimacy, the liveliness, which the enthusiastic apologists say are television's natural and unique properties. But an artistic use of the invention in Britain has not yet begun to be made. Nightly scripted television emerges, after a bout of viewing, almost without exception as shockingly mediocre.

The ever diminishing number of unused plays is, I suppose, what caused *Mr. Pim Passes By* and *The Dybbuk* to appear on the Home Screen. (Who precisely were these plays expected to please? Do the programme planners ever have in mind an actual individual who might conceivably enjoy what they propose to do? Or do they think in terms of the quite unreal and paralysing abstraction—a million homes?) One is a feeble unsurprising little English social comedy of a past era, the other a melodrama. To see *The Dybbuk* performed in the intense acting style of the Habimah Players, to whose tradition it belongs, is I daresay an oddly moving experience. They might well be able, in spite so to speak of the play, to communicate the raw theme of physical possession. To have it hammed out in one's own room by British players vaguely impersonating that style reduced the piece to an embarrassing farce.

But where are plays to be found? The solutions to this pressing problem seem to be either to rifle famous novels or to get people to write plays specially for television, special "visual" plays. *The Eye of a Gypsy* (by Frederick Phillips) was one such, and while most warmly welcoming any experiment one can only hope that this kind of thing will not be repeated. Mr. Christian Simpson, the producer, suggested that here "vision and sound are closely interrelated . . . the camera comes into its own as a fluid interpreter of the drama." In practice this meant that, to the strumming of a guitar, a few clichés of the early cinema were revived to animate a short costume piece, a Spanish "cops

LOST

—the will to work

but a new zest, a filip to ambition is assured for readers of George Kay's PIONEERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY (25s. net) in which the haze of criticism of the industrial revolution lifts to reveal those sterling personal qualities of the men of faith who made our nation's wealth.

While the sheep close the curtains and turn out the lights to submit to television, the salt of Britain turns up the lights and takes a book upon its knees. For such people ROCKLIFF publishes informative books from alert minds. Norman Demuth's "fearless and quite original criticism" in MUSICAL TRENDS IN THE 20TH CENTURY (35s. net); George Savage's "unquestionably the most ambitious and comprehensive work on the subject which has yet appeared"—18TH CENTURY ENGLISH PORCELAIN (50s. net); and J. F. Hayward's "most important contribution to ceramic literature since the war," VIENNESE PORCELAIN OF THE DU PAQUIER PERIOD (7 gns. net). New books to maintain the ROCKLIFF standard are Herbert Marshall, Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson's HAMLET THROUGH THE AGES (35s. net, all in pictures) without seeing which no one will dare discuss the world's most famous play; Rex Pogson's MISS HORNIMAN AND THE GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER (21s. net); the long overdue tribute to "the lady who really started the modern movement" according to Bernard Shaw. Hers was the first repertory theatre, parent of the great modern repertory movement.

Michael Ross finds life on a wider stage—the Sahara—in PEOPLE OF THE MIRAGE (21s. net), with beautiful drawings and haunting descriptions of the vivid people who live in and by the desert. He might have taken them.

Charles Goren's BETTER BRIDGE FOR BETTER PLAYERS (18s. net) for Ely Culberison says "it has everything one could ask for—good writing, good material, good arrangement and, above all, good bridge." People are eating less after reading Roy Walker's "work of rare beauty and distinction" THE GOLDEN FEAST (18s. net), some because of its surprising revelation of the poets' message, others we suppose cannot interrupt their relish of its riches of poetry culled from Hesiod to Yates. Voracious readers who cannot stop for meals are well provided for in Henry Smith's ("he knows all there is to know about sandwiches and gives us over 1,000 recipes") MASTER BOOK OF SANDWICHES AND SAVOURY SNACKS (12s. 6d. net) while many who seldom read at all will feel incomplete without T. E. Carling's COMPLETE BOOK OF DRINK (18s. net)—for "it looks as though it will become one of the standard works on wines in this country" (—it has. It is reprinting). And after all the folksy books on Gilbert & Sullivan how right to hear their works accorded the dignity of artistic criticism in Audrey Williamson's "new assessment" GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERA (25s. net).

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and robbers" yarn about a killing, solemnly preluded by some lines from Lorca. I think I counted three separate close-ups of a bird in a cage. Not the peak evening hour but children's television should, surely, have been given the benefit of this charade.

Holiday in Berlin, also specially written for the screen (by James Parrish and Tom Fallon) aimed slightly higher by taking a more recent stock idea—the one about the German-born scientist who, working for us, is blackmailed by the Russians when visiting their zone, where his wife and child still are. There was no attempt to make the psychological aspect of this artificial situation convincing and, typical of television complacency, crucial episodes were left half-explained. The tale was spun out into as many short scenes as possible with the aid of strips of film and "back projection." "Back projection" is a device by which a play's settings are projected on a screen behind the actors, instead of being built in the studio. So far this new technique recalls the strip cartoons. ANTHONY CURTIS

"The Square Ring," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

This play gives us a slice of seedy life cut out of a boxing stadium in the Midlands. Whether or not it is a fair picture of the ignoble margins which surround the Noble Art, it is certainly a convincing one—at least so long as the author, Mr. Ralph Peterson, keeps off sentiment. His gallery of comic characters are well observed and shrewdly noted in their sad, stale humours. And they are excellently acted. Liam Redmond is the dismal attendant in the dressing-room, prophesying with a gloomy relish to each of the contestants "wicked lefts" and "vicious rights" from their opponents; and John Moffatt as his assistant catches just the right accent for an Americanised spiv, Charing Cross Road style. George Rose gives a terrifying sketch of an old punchie, Sailor Johnston, all but out on his feet and still dreaming of getting to the top. Bill Owen's perky, cocky little Cockney keeps the piece alive with a chirpy brightness full of variety. Mr. Duncan Lamont has a difficult serious role, an ex-champion trying to make a come-back. He is perfect in appearance, gait, stance, and atmosphere, but the author fails to give him the words for his climax and falls back on impossible clichés. The whole play is excellently cast and Mr. Warren Jenkins gives it a very good production, always interesting but without frills. In spite of the staginess of its sentiment, worth seeing. T. C. W.

Guido Cantelli, in the Festival Hall

With five unconventional programmes last year, and performances of surpassing excellence, this young Italian conductor established his reputation. His recent series of concerts (including Wagner's *Faust* Overture, and Cherubini's Symphony) drew record audiences, and deservedly. For as orchestral director he has few rivals. In the new hall we have heard none other (except Toscanini) who judges so finely just how long violins can effectively hold a single bow, who takes off chords at so precisely the right moment, and who balances and phrases the instrumental parts with so delicate a sense of each player's abilities. He is thoughtful, scrupulous, and imaginative about sound effects. Tempi are admirably chosen, and rhythmis vital. He adds nothing of his own to any work, but realises to near-perfection everything that is in the score. As interpreter, Cantelli approaches the music, it seems, through the sounds. When he failed, and it was only in Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, it was through concentrating too intently on the score, and leaving out of account what Tchaikovsky meant by it. The bright "objective" works—Ravel, Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*—were best, but the unforgettable performances of last year, Brahms's Third and the "Italian" Symphonies, *La Valse* and Busoni's *Berceuse Elégiaque*, were seldom rivalled. Only Mussorgsky's *Tableaux d'une Exposition*, as well played by the Philharmonia as orchestras can play, was their equal. Cantelli can make a usually tedious piece sound enthralling.

A. P.

Ballet Workshop, at the Mercury
A Ballet Performance, at the Park Lane Theatre

After seeing two ballet performances on small stages, both on the same day, the chief impression that remains is of the dancer's face. In these circumstances it assumes a predominance, regardless of the quality of dancing, which almost invariably seems slightly awkward and over lifesize at such close quarters. The ability of the dancer to present his face without forcing emotion on it, or stiffening with self-conscious reserve, is therefore of first importance, more important in fact than the technical skill of movement demanded by a normal-sized stage. The Mercury dancers are trained in this specialised art of intimate ballet, though their less experienced men are still wooden-faced, as was seen in a performance of Ballet Workshop. This is a lively experiment which is concerned with giving young artists the chance to express their ideas and to learn from practical experience how to stage them. By far the best work was Walter Gore's *Peepshow*, an enchanting little ballet with seemingly endless variations on legs and torsos. It is set to music by Jean Francaix, which has a gaiety that is a delicate as it is witty. The two other ballets were surprisingly similar in texture: they were both self-consciously serious efforts. I preferred Michael Charnley's *Bagatelle*: the music did not crash above the choreography, as in *Five Variations with a Theme*, but kept a pleasant balance, while the two girls danced the flowing steps with simplicity and ease.

The International Faculty of Arts is another club that is attempting to give new choreographers a chance; but the direction is not very coherent. In an over-varied programme almost all styles of ballet were given, while the performers' faces were ever closer and much more embarrassing. In Sigurd Leeder's *Nocturne*, danced to percussion in the modern, Jooss style, the boy and girl wore expressions so strained with emotion they seemed about to snap. On the other hand, Beryl and Dawn Nimr looked so lifeless in their national dances, they might have been puppets. But in Dorothy Stevenson's *Lyric and Fugue* the younger dancers moved with grace and seemed unpretentiously human. A. F.

Elizabeth Frink, John Harvey and Michael Werner, at the Beaux Arts Gallery

These three young sculptors are all concerned with content as well as form but approach their problems in quite different ways. Frink (b. 1930) is the most obviously talented. The texture of her plaster is brittle like splintered bird-bone; her forms are violent and imply a reckless, almost unheeding, sense of pain; her subjects (some on a large scale) are mostly nudes, horses and birds—all of them creatures of bone, feather and tendon, rather than flesh: creatures of an horrific purgatory. Passages in her drawings, however, reveal that she has a sense of structure to balance her imaginative intensity. *The Man With a Bird* is her best piece and only at the back, where the man's buttocks change into the raw haunches of a stripped fowl, does the emotional tension slacken into disgust. Her development—and she may well become important—will ultimately depend upon the validity of her imaginative premises. She must beware of the sickness of Angst. Harvey is calmer and more mature. His grasp of the subtlety of large forms is sensitive; look at the tenderly realised backs and shoulders of *The Bather* and *Seated Figure*. But, although I liked the way he paints his plaster, I found his rounded, blunt, ceramic-like treatment of the smaller features and forms a little cloying. His bronze of a girl drinking is a most promising work. The breasts are weak but the twisting tension running from the deltoid through the raised arm, wrist, fingers, mug, drinking mouth and taut neck down to the sternum, is excellent. Of Michael Werner's work I liked a bronze of three lunatic figures and a Mother and Child in the London Group. In the rest of his less conventional work he is obviously struggling to say something but tends to have only an idea instead of a sculptor's image to grapple with. J. B.

Correspondence

THE VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—I have recently been shown a letter which appeared, under the above title, in your issue of October 4. The fact that the writer, who signs himself "Kenya Settler," claims that his reactions to recent developments in this colony are also "the reactions of all intelligent people in Kenya," impels me, as the Leader of the European Elected Members in the Kenya Legislative Council, most emphatically to disassociate myself and my colleagues from the views which he has expressed.

I do not think any good purpose would be served if I were to refute in detail the many fantastic statements in the letter of "Kenya Settler." It is, I think, more constructive to quote two points which I stressed in a speech to the Annual Conference of the Electors' Union last month. I said, first, "We have no wish whatsoever to stifle the legitimate political hopes and aspirations of any people in this country. . . ." Secondly, "I believe we should consider the possible courses before us and I have completely rejected two. One that I have rejected is that it is possible to create here a Government based on African nationalism. I do not believe such a Government is possible because I believe that the determination of the other resident communities would make it impossible. The other course that I have rejected is the creation of a Government based upon suppression by Europeans of the legitimate advance of the African people. I believe that to be impossible, and, above all, I believe it to be morally wrong."

Whatever may be said and written by a few extremists and hotheads amongst the European community of Kenya, I can assure you so-called "domination" of other races has no place in the policy of the elected representatives of that community.

There is another point which I must make. The special ordinances recently enacted by the Legislature are emergency measures designed to cope with an emergency. The Government and the European Elected Members equally dislike these measures and deplore the fact that they are necessary to restore law and order. To suggest that these measures will be regularly renewed is wicked mischief.

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I must also state that any suggestion that the European Elected Members seek to make political capital out of the crimes of a group of A-Kikuyu is entirely without foundation. It is, in fact, a complete misrepresentation of the truth. Responsible European opinion is more than anxious to see the emergence of sound and wise African leadership, because on it depends, more than anything else, our future together.

Finally, I wish to stress that no rational man in Kenya believes that our present difficulties can be solved solely by special measures. There is also an urgent need for economic and social measures of many kinds. That has been repeatedly stressed by my colleagues and myself and by the European press of Kenya. But it is often forgotten what an immense amount has been done since the dawn of European Settlement—before that, precisely nothing was done.

Nakuru, Kenya. MICHAEL BLUNDELL

SIR,—You state that the Kenya African Union, or K.A.U., is probably one of the leading political bodies in the Colony. It would be no exaggeration to state that the vast proportion of this body is comprised of Kikuyu, the most vociferous of the African tribes. Although this tribe is the largest tribe in Kenya, it is still only 20 per cent. of the total African population.

While there can be no doubt that further lands must be granted for African agriculture, one of the main drawbacks in the past has been the complete inability of the African to pay any attention whatsoever to advice on soil conservation, with the result that erosion in the colony is probably worse than anywhere in the African continent.

That the standard of living of the African is too low is not disputed, and doubtless there will have to be a wage revision, but I feel sure that you will admit that wages must always be related to output and, unfortunately, in the case of the African, his labour is probably more expensive than in any other country.

You claim that sections of the European press and members of the European population have magnified the importance of the proscribed society, Mau Mau. In the last two weeks two European women have been murdered and two elderly Europeans attacked and beaten up in their own homes. This is in a district where there are approximately 15,000 Europeans, and I wonder whether you could inform me of a town of similar proportions in England which has such an appalling record in such a short space of time. In addition to this one of the senior Chiefs of the Kikuyu tribe was recently ambushed and brutally murdered in broad daylight.

Doubtless, in due course, the future for all British colonies overseas is that the native population should take its proper place in the government and leadership of the country concerned, but before this happens, surely it is up to the country concerned to put its house in order.

Let us, by all means, champion the numerous underdogs of this turbulent world, but I must insist that no good can come of blinding ourselves and others to the salient facts. P. A. TRINDER

Nairobi, Kenya.

INDO-CHINA

SIR,—I read with alarm that President Auriol is expected to ask for participation of Allied troops in the Indo-China war.

Any observer who has visited Tonkin—and I could include half a dozen French journalists of international repute—would laugh at the suggestion that the Viet Minh can ever be destroyed in the field. There are no more resourceful and tenacious troops in the world than these, which must be obvious from the fact that they have never ceased to make slow but steady progress against a redoubtable French Army of approximate numerical equality but possessing the armour and air power which they entirely lack. They are ensconced in a terrain in comparison with which Korea is a Salisbury Plain.

Why do we never hear of an attempt being made to come to terms with the Viet Minh, since after six years of warfare no progress has been made towards the goal of defeating them and they effectively administer four-fifths of Indo-China? Why should it be assumed that this is impossible?

We should bear in mind the sinister fact that, although this war is unpopular with the bulk of French people, it provides valuable rackets for a small but immensely powerful group, and that the Army chiefs there seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. De Lattre's *punishment* for senior officers he considered below par was to ship them off forthwith to France.

I sometimes also wonder if people in democracies understand what is done in their name any more than the average German knew what went on in concentration camps. When in Tonkin this year—and I was there as a writer of absolutely neutral political standpoint—I attended a press conference given by the general responsible for operations. French troops were attacking Viet Minh groups near the coast south of Haiphong, and the general mentioned in the most casual fashion that he had discouraged any possible attempt on the Viet Minh's part to retreat into the coastal villages by keeping these under constant bombardment by a warship. He had just characterised this coastal strip as being in the hands of "our friends." In other words, a number of peaceful friendly villages and their inhabitants had been sacrificed just to be on the safe side. No one seemed in the slightest surprised at this revelation of how modern warfare is conducted—no more than at the dousing with napalm bombs of villages in the vicinity of French posts which had been attacked. No doubt the same kind of thing goes on in Korea.

Sir, we and our allies have burned more human being to death in these wars than all the Grand Inquisitors in history put together.

NORMAN LEWIS

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—The only new point in Mr. Smith's second letter is Quinn's statement that his superior officer told him before the mission that the bombs in question were not H.E. In his statement Quinn says he was twice ordered to drop bombs from a low level, which would not go off, at two exactly specified places. There are any number of things besides germ-laden insects which might be dropped in a bomb-case; after all, it is not to be supposed that the forces in Korea lack agents behind the enemy lines, nor that these agents could work without supplies and instructions.

There is one very significant point Mr. Smith does not mention: according to Quinn, he was told at the lecture about germ warfare on December 17 that the type of bomb he was worrying about was still in the experimental stage. If he really dropped it on January 3rd, development had been pretty rapid.

Mr. Smith thinks if I had been in Quinn's place I should have jumped to his conclusion. In this he may be right. But all one can say for sure was that it was maladroit of senior officers concerned with the morale of their bomber pilots to lecture them on germ warfare one day and send them out to drop mysterious bombs the next. Quinn, I, or anybody else might in these circumstances have jumped to an uncertain conclusion. But this does not relieve the rest of us, away from the emotional strain of battle, from the responsibility of recognising that Quinn's conclusion is uncertain. W. HILTON YOUNG

Lancaster Gate, W.2.

SIR,—May I be permitted two comments on Mr. Colin T. Smith's letter in your October 25 issue?

First, as an airman who has dropped 500lb bombs from less than 200ft and lived, may I say that Quinn's fear of being blown to bits is quite unnatural to modern aircrews. In the last war low-level bombing with delayed-action fuses was the order of the day.

Secondly, Mr. Smith indicates that briefing officers had not been very cautious in keeping their secret from unsuspecting aircrews. It seems incredible that on such a delicate task as dropping germ bombs, that any but the most carefully selected aircrews, operating as a special purpose squadron, would be used. The picture of their "special missions" being given *ad hoc* to certain crews of a normally operating squadron, with the briefing officers breaking what must have been strict security orders, is most unconvincing.

The first point alone is, in my opinion, sufficient to make the story as told by Mr. Smith suspect as a prefabrication. J. BAIRD

Wembley.

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THE BEVANITES

SIR,—Following the resolution of the Parliamentary Labour Party banning all unofficial group activities, a Group of Labour M.P.s under my chairmanship met on Tuesday and issued the following statement:

"Last week the Parliamentary labour Party passed a resolution calling 'for the immediate abandonment of all group organisations within the Party, other than those officially recognised.'

We deplore this resolution for three reasons. It is illiberal. It is based on allegations which are not true. It is prejudicial to party unity,

(1) *It is illiberal.* Such a resolution is unprecedented in the history of Parliament. To demand that M.P.s should not meet without official approval to discuss matters of common interest gives to the Party machine a power which it has never exercised before. This resolution seeks to forbid freedom of association among M.P.s, which has always been a normal feature of Parliamentary life.

(2) *It is based on allegations which are not true.* We deny entirely that we have ever formed "a party within a party." When detailed charges attempting to support this allegation were published in the Press, they were exposed as false.

(3) *It is prejudicial to Party unity.* The Morecambe Conference passed resolutions which offered a basis for uniting the Movement to get the Tory Government out of office as soon as possible, and to secure a further advance along the road to Socialism. Moreover, the voting at Morecambe for the National Executive Committee showed that the great majority of Constituency Parties recognised that the allegations against us were false.

A breach between the majority within the Parliamentary Party and the majority of Constituency Parties would be disastrous. By pressing this resolution immediately after Morecambe, the Parliamentary Committee risked opening such a breach. This Committee, it should not be forgotten, had only two weeks of its authority to run: a new Committee will be elected at the beginning of the new Session.

For these three reasons we opposed the resolution. Nevertheless, we accept the majority decision of our colleagues and, for our part, we will abide loyally by it. Each one of us, however, will take every legitimate step to persuade the Parliamentary Labour Party to reverse the decision, and to restore as soon as possible to Labour M.P.s their full rights of free association."

Since we attach importance to the publication of this statement in full, I hope you will be able to make it known through your columns.

House of Commons. HAROLD WILSON

EAST-WEST TRADE

SIR,—"Critic" has overlooked the fact that United States firms are evidently quite prepared to circumvent the Battle Act and draw profits from trade with the "Iron Curtain" countries—through their German affiliates.

According to reports from Bonn (in the *Manchester Guardian* of October 16) the organisers of the new German company formed to develop East-West trade include some of the "big names" in German industry (including A.E.G.) well-known to have close financial ties with their American counterparts.

The logic of the policy of boycott which the State Department is imposing on our Board of Trade was never very strong. Inevitably elastic, the definition of "strategic" exports was an enthusiastic, and far from appreciated, attempt to please the Americans, particularly as applied to China. Now that leading American companies are about to enjoy the advantage of trade with the East through their German associates, is it not time, as "Critic" rightly says, that we announced our intention of acting as a self-respecting independent sovereign state? After all, what we refuse to supply, China will easily acquire from our competitors. By trying to confine our exports to China to what the Americans grudgingly allow, are we not cutting off our nose to spite our face?

J. A. KING

82a Abington Street,
Northampton.

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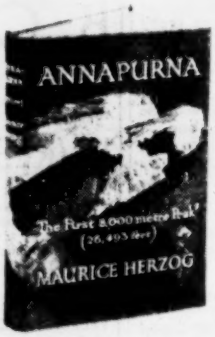

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YOUNGER POETS

SIR,—For some time past, we have been gathering material for an anthology of work by younger British poets, which we hope to bring out next year. Since the emphasis of the anthology will be on the comparatively unknown poet, the man or woman under thirty who has not yet published a volume, we cannot be sure that we have cast our nets wide enough. We should be grateful if those of your younger readers who are interested would send typescripts—preferably not more than half a dozen poems—to the address given below. Envelopes should be marked "Springtime" in the bottom left-hand corner. We are concentrating on original "serious" verse but are willing also to consider light verse, verse translations, and fairly short prose poems.

75 Beauford Mansions, G. S. FRASER
London, S.W.3. IAIN FLETCHER

SINCLAIR LEWIS

SIR,—Under the will of Sinclair Lewis all of his manuscripts, letters and other private papers were bequeathed to the Yale University Library, and under a contract which the executors of the estate of Sinclair Lewis have signed, a biography of Mr. Lewis is now in preparation by Mark Schorer, Professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley. In furtherance of the desires of Mr. Lewis, this Library invites the co-operation of all friends and acquaintances who received and kept any of Mr. Lewis's letters. The Yale University Library will warmly welcome the gift of all such letters written by Sinclair Lewis to add to its collection, with proper acknowledgment to the donors; but if any who own such letters wish to retain physical possession of them, the Yale University Library extends an invitation to such persons to submit the letters for photostating on the understanding that the originals will be returned promptly to the senders. DONALD C. GALLUP

Yale University Library,
New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A.

HARLEY GRANVILLE BARKER

SIR,—I am engaged on a biographical and critical study of Harley Granville Barker in which I am having the co-operation of Lady Keeble (Miss Lillah McCarthy), and I should be grateful for any information, personal experiences, or letters your readers may be kind enough to send me, especially in relation to his activities in the Fabian Society from 1907 to 1912. All will be acknowledged, and any letters will be quickly returned. C. B. PURDOM

34 Barleycroft Road
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD

SIR,—I am writing, with his approval, a full-length biography of Mr. Arthur Greenwood. If any of your readers have letters, documents, other records, or personal anecdotes and recollections of Mr. Greenwood, I should be very grateful to receive them. Any material kindly loaned will be returned immediately and should anyone be willing to talk with me rather than write, I should be happy to arrange a meeting. H. VICTOR WISEMAN

25 Cavendish Road,
Leeds, 2.

LORD HALDANE

SIR,—With the approval and support of the Haldane Family I am collecting material for a book dealing with the life and times of Viscount Haldane of Cloan (1856–1928) and I should be grateful for the loan of letters and for personal reminiscences of Lord Haldane.

Spring Pond, DUDLEY SOMMER
Wispers, nr. Midhurst,
Sussex.

THE NEW CHINA

SIR,—The editorial note heading my article on China in last week's issue inadvertently stated that I was writing of events two years ago. I left China a year ago. The study circles I described in the article were then commonplace, and from acquaintances returned more recently, and from letters and newspapers, I believe the description of such circles and of criticism and self-criticism remains substantially true for today.

London, S.W.11. PETER TOWNSEND

Books in General

In about 1924 Roger Fry was invited to write a text to accompany a series of reproductions of works by Cézanne in the greatest of all Cézanne collections, that of M. Pellerin. His book on Cézanne, a swerve on the journey of ideas and the most moving of his critical writings, which has now appeared in a second edition,* was the eventual outcome of this project. Fry had a shock when he found himself once more face to face with the pictures themselves. He realised that the view of Cézanne that he had succeeded in imposing on the world after fifteen years of controversy was not a sufficiently accurate one :

> . . . What surprised me most—when once I had, so to speak, depolarised his works, when I had removed the scales of vague and distorted memories ; when at last I seemed to be face to face with the artist himself—what surprised me was the profound difference between Cézanne's message and what we have made of it. I had to admit to myself how much nearer Cézanne was to Poussin than to the *Salon d'Automne*.

This was a way of saying that he at last saw Cézanne as an old master, one of the greatest, steeped in the traditions of French classicism. Up to that moment his view of the artist had been coloured by the art of his own time ; in his criticism he had distorted him, just as modern artists had taken from him whatever they required, ignoring his vital message. It was only when Fry went back to the pictures, to study them in sequence and at leisure, that he realised how far modern art had led him astray in his interpretation.

Perhaps someone who from youth upwards had known and appreciated Cézanne would not have made such a mistake. But Fry came to Cézanne late. He did not know about him until a few months before the painter's death in 1906. It is easy enough to understand why he then took to him. Fry had always been hostile to romanticism in any form, and to any attempt to represent the superficial aspects of objects at the expense of some hidden, more enduring reality. He despised Impressionism for taking no account of the underlying structure and rhythm of nature, for being content to skim off the surface of things ; and he poured scorn on English romantic painting and the aestheticism of the Nineties for refusing to recognise the ordered logic that lay beneath a chaotic surface. Instead he picked out his heroes from the Italian Renaissance and the "age of reason." He wrote a book on Bellini and edited Reynolds's *Discourses*. All the same he was deeply concerned about vitality in the twentieth century ; he was always on the look-out for the survival or revival of the classical tradition in modern art. Then when he saw some Cézannes, his faith in the modern movement was restored. Here at last was an artist who manifested "total indifference to those laws of appearance which the scientific theory of the Impressionistic School has pronounced to be essential" (1906), who seemed to "betray a finer, more scrupulous artistic sense" (1908).

At first his remarks about Cézanne might almost equally well be applied, some to Van Gogh, some to Gauguin, some even to the young Matisse. But he was writing at the height of the *fauve* movement when hieratic qualities in works of art could not yet be perceived. Later, when Fry became acquainted with the early manifestations of Cubism, he learnt to isolate an element in Cézanne's work which struck him as the most significant, but which did not apply to the same extent to other late nineteenth-century masters he admired : its austere formalism ; and this aspect of Cézanne came to dominate his criticism, so exclusively that it drove all other aspects out—and even led him to disparage Van Gogh—until he went back to the Pellerin Collection and with the eye of an artist and the heart of an honest man saw and acknowledged his error.

This theory of the development of Fry's criticism of Cézanne can be demonstrated by the contrast between the two Post-Impressionist exhibitions he organised at the Grafton Galleries. At the first (1910-11) Cézanne was represented by a number of "Baroque" pictures—free, flickering or decorative—and surrounded by Van Goghs, Manets, Gauguins and *fauve* canvases. At the second (1912) Cézanne was the only nineteenth-century master left (implying that he was now to be regarded as the one most closely connected with the modern movement), this time with more hieratic pictures, and in the company, not only of marvellous *fauve* Matisses but of the latest, and —this is the point—hieratic Picassos, Braques and Derains. Ever since his discovery of Cézanne, Fry had praised him for having liberated form and colour from their strict dependence on the thing seen. But whereas at first he held that this liberation resulted in a more intimate communion with nature—more intimate, that is, than the mere imitation of nature could ever provide—later he understood this liberation to involve a divorce between nature and art, and built up a theory that the two ran parallel to one another but did not meet. The change in his attitude was due, partly to his having studied new kinds of Cézannes in the interval, partly to the change that overcame the art of painting in these very years, from Fauvism to Cubism, from a movement which exalted the artist as a free child of Nature, to a movement which submitted the artist to a stern formal discipline. The difference between these two attitudes towards Cézanne might be described as the difference between Vlaminck and Lhote.

After the second exhibition then, Fry began to toy with the idea of an abstract language of form—not necessarily a language in which all resemblance to natural forms was excluded (though he envisaged without disgust that possibility also) but one in which references to known forms could be brushed aside as irrelevant to the aesthetic emotion, in which the beauty of a work of art resided in the relations between the forms irrespective of their meaning or associations. This at any rate is how he expressed himself in his famous essays on aesthetics. But when we turn to what he had to say about this or that picture, to his comments on individual works of art of all countries and ages, we discover how seldom he seemed willing to apply his theory rigidly, and hence how readable he remains in an age such as ours which views works of art from such a totally different standpoint. We are amazed to discover that he could write about an artist like Rembrandt, who allowed so much humanity to enter his work, with an understanding and sympathy which few critics have possessed since Ruskin ; and we begin to realise that the reason why he was so popular as a lecturer was not because he succeeded in imposing esoteric theories on a public ignorant of the basic principles of art, but because he alone had the power to make people see what was really there, on the screen in front of them.

So when he went back to the Pellerin Collection to gather material for his study of Cézanne, Fry approached the pictures with an open mind, in trepidation, and humbly as always in the presence of the greatest masters. He found there facts that forced him to revise some of his judgments. Naturally enough his renewed acquaintance with the pictures did not cause him to cast aside the structure of theory that he had been building up over the years. In this book there are still innumerable passages (to-day no longer easy to stomach) of analysis of formal elements considered without reference to the objects represented ; and some of Fry's old prejudices bob up again to the surface, such as his distaste for, and complete misunderstanding of, Zola, and his antipathy, now thinly disguised, towards Cézanne's early romantic and Impressionist phases. However, he seems at last to have become aware that he himself in his criticism had been praising, and artists like Lhote had been imitating, the controlled forms that were merely the outcome of Cézanne's visual experience, without taking sufficient account of the passion that had generated those forms. One cannot otherwise explain his need to write :

> It is this infinitely changing quality of the very stuff of the painting which communicates so vividly a sense of life (p. 51).
>
> The picture-space recedes, and every part has the vibration and movement of life ; it is as much removed from schematic dryness and drabness as possible (p. 67).
>
> . . . as though this elementary approach to the subject, by its too primitive, too hieratic simplicity, might check the impression of the accident of life, Cezanne has instinctively corrected this in his detailed treatment (p. 68).
>
> Here at all events Cézanne might, one thinks, for once have felt that he had "realised," so overwhelming is the impression of living reality (p. 71.)
>
> The hands . . . have the unmistakable potentiality of life (p. 73).

What is all this about "living reality," "the potentiality of life," "the accident of life"? We must not assume that Fry is here describing some hypothetical "reality of form" entirely independent of the reality which had brought the form into being. The passages from which I have quoted clearly imply that, in the presence of the pictures themselves, Fry was aware of a much closer connection between art and nature than he cared to admit to in his theoretical writings. He had lived too long in Provence not to realise that the essence of the country-

* *Cézanne—A Study of his Development*. By Roger Fry. *Hogarth Press*. 15s.

side and its inhabitants lay enshrined in Cézanne's landscapes and portrait groups. And of course he was right: the whole of Provence was there, ennobled and distilled. Yet only three years before his book on Cézanne was published, Fry had informed a gathering of incredulous psychologists that:

> The form of a work of art has a meaning of its own and the contemplation of the form in and for itself gives rise in some people to a special emotion which does not depend upon the association of the form with anything else whatever.

He has the face to inform us that his favourite pictures—the very ones which of all pictures could have been coaxed into clinching his argument—give him the sensation of living reality, of the accident of life. This inconsistency, this refusal ever to be tied down to a doctrine, this capacity to allow sensibility to dictate (when occasion demanded) to the brain, this willingness to dismiss all knowledge of what had happened to painting since Cézanne's day in order to enter into more intimate contact with the fountain head—these are the qualities which transformed Roger Fry from a brilliant theorist into a great man.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE INDECISION

He lies in stiff dishonoured shroud
Who being offered it refused love
And, as he is now, was stiff.

He lies in his dishonoured shroud
Who being challenged was afraid,
His heart, small and still as it is now, dismayed.

He wore over his head
Fears and evasions like a hood
Which wrapped him round as now
The stiff dishonoured shroud.

THE ANSWER

Fear is an economy
Of spirit, and if he
Accepted, might it not be
True death (and this one is false—he sleeps):

Is it not wise to say
"If all my previous days
Lead to this end I may
Accept this love—if not I must deny"—

Though to deny was stiff
And clammy on the lip
As a foretaste of death?

The judgment still ends in an if:
The indecision is the sign of life.

MONTAGU SLATER

THE CONFLUENCE

He and she make an ocean
Of all complexity:
When not the lightest motion
Troubles the upper sea,
Stingray and squid and decapod
Quarter the still uncharted bed.

And when a breeze may ruffle
The water white, or black,
Or passing steamer shuffle
Its wake across its back,
Nothing at all disturbs the deep
Where their blind monsters drift and sleep.

Wisely, they only cruise
Up on the surface here,
Not incontinently use
Plummet and bathysphere:
The waters mix, they need not ask
Rashly what draws them to their task.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

MEN OF GOD

The Recovery of Belief. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber.* 15*s.*

My Dear Timothy. By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One can tell a lot by a man's adverbs. Typical Joad adverbs are *diffidently*, *inadequately* and *not unreasonably*. Typical Gollancz adverbs are *passionately*, *utterly* and *absolutely*. It may seem at first sight, therefore, paradoxical that, of the two, Dr. Joad has gone, as it were, the whole hog and has been "for some years past" a regular communicant in the Church of England; whereas Mr. Gollancz shied in 1914 at the fence of baptism and has never taken it. Partly this contrast in practice is due to the accident of heredity: the English country village church is "bound up with the ancestral elements" of Mr. Joad's being and, in later life, he thinks "the things that are ancestral take increasing possession of the stage of one's personality"; but Mr. Gollancz was brought up in the straitest Jewish orthodoxy, found it in many ways hateful and boring (but can fascinate us to-day with such details as his account of his mother, "a cultivated lady," burying a meat-knife in the garden because it had come in contact with butter), and is therefore apt to prefer what he calls religion (without quotation marks) to "religion" (with quotation marks). Moreover, he remains "the sort of Jew . . . who in the presence of antisemitism regards formal apostasy as disgusting"; and he disliked the "dualistic otherworldliness" of the Church and the starched surplices of choirboys.

So the unbaptized Gollancz can write of the personality of Christ as "utterly adorable"; while the Anglican Joad ends what is, after all, a serious apologetic restatement of Christian philosophy with this cautious sentence: "On the whole, however, I think I can subscribe to the testimony of the innumerable people who have tried to practice Christianity—the thing does, at least sometimes, work." There is an interesting contrast, too, between their respective views of Christ as an ethical teacher: both have their affinities with Platonism, but whereas Mr. Gollancz (who now worships Christ as "the Supreme Particular") has held from early life the conventional sub-Christian view of Christ as a great ethical teacher, "the greatest of Hebrew prophets," Dr. Joad, arguing that Christ "must have been in part a supernatural person," observes that

> if Christ is no more than a teacher of ethics, He is not a very impressive one. . . . Considered *merely* as an ethical teacher, Christ is inferior both to Buddha and to Socrates.

At any rate, the significant thing is that both these able men openly profess and call themselves Christians. Such a profession, particularly by Dr. Joad, would have been astonishing a generation ago, when (except for the thin red line of the Christian Socialists) educated people who were progressive in politics were usually atheist or agnostic in religion. Dr. Joad was a hammer of the orthodox, one of the militants of doubt: his voice is as dry and wry and crotchety as ever, but there is a new and attractive note of humility, of self-distrust, in it. Mr. Gollancz, indeed, must always have been known to his intimates as an *mima naturaliter Christiana:* to the general public he was better known as the propagandist publisher of the Brown Book of the Nazi Terror and the yellow books of the Tory crimes. Both by those who welcome and by those who deplore it, their conversion—and the word is not too strong—must be regarded as a phenomenon characteristic of our times.

In contrast with these times, the intellectual climate of the world in which Dr. Joad grew up "was utterly antagonistic to the suggestions of the Prayer Book" (about original sin and human frailty). These were the years before 1914. "The dominating philosophy . . . was that of creative evolution." Man was master of his fate; and man was growing steadily kinder, wiser, and more civilised. In 1908, Lord Balfour could tell the young ladies of Newnham:

> . . . there are, so far, no symptoms either of pause or regression in the onward movement which for more than a thousand years has been a characteristic of western civilisation.

Dr. Joad debunks this facile optimism slashingly (as, indeed, it is easier to do after the camps and the bomb). In his reaction against it, he leans almost too far in the direction of a "spiritual" or "other-worldly" Christianity. His sketch of "man's improvement through external conditions," which he takes to be "the essence of the Marxist creed," is admittedly "brief to the point of inadequacy"; but he seems to underestimate the materialism of Christianity itself and therefore the extent to which Christians hold that the establishment of the just society ("the kingdom of heaven") *on earth* is the true aim of the Church. So far, for Dr. Joad, the social aspect of Christianity is secondary to "the achievement of moral salvation"—a heresy which perhaps underlies the refusal to televise the central actions of the Coronation service (since the act of Communion, the least individual and private act of worship that a Christian can perform, is commonly thought of as especially private). He challenges the naive secular idea of "the infinite perfectibility of man": he forgets, at this point, the Christian ideas of sanctification through grace and of the worshipping community. Nor does he seem yet to have integrated fully his apprehension of original sin with his Platonic notion of goodness immanent in man.

None the less, *The Recovery of Belief* is a valuable and important book, comforting to the believer—the more so because of Dr. Joad's candid record of his own doubts and hesitation—challenging the unbeliever to re-examine the grounds of his own doubt. Besides simple restatements of such familiar material as the doctrine of free will, it contains original and closely argued chapters dealing with the views of Mr. Fred Hoyle, of Dr. Julian Huxley, and of Mr. Aldous Huxley, and on the supposed conflict between science and religion. To those scientists who argue that religion is merely subjective, Dr. Joad offers a *tu quoque*: religious feelings and judgments are no more subjective than the law of induction and other methods used by scientists themselves.

Subjectivity is a charge to which Mr. Gollancz would gladly plead guilty. His 440-page book is a richly personal outpouring of reminiscence, argument, information, thanksgiving, and breast-beating self-accusation, in the form of a much-interrupted letter to his grandson. It would be terribly easy to make fun of it. An unfriendly critic would find it gushing and exhibitionist. The successful publisher here exposes himself in the character of Holy Fool: he is "utterly convinced" that Eckhart was right in saying that a man who saved up a penny for a rainy day is "a murderer before God"! He spares us no detail of the "hell" in which his boyhood habit of masturbation plunged him. He admits having written (and having "weakly" cut out) the sentence "It is necessary to love Hitler," in a pamphlet in reply to Lord Vansittart. He and his wife are waiting for the lift in their New York hotel: "We were not of course naked; but otherwise, perhaps, we were a little like William and Catherine in the garden at Felpham." He is so acutely self-conscious as to seem completely unself-conscious. He has the *joie de vivre* of a child—and he "runs on" like a child. ("He *talks* too much," his mother used to say.) Here is Covent Garden in 1914, almost exactly as a *New Yorker* satirist might have parodied such a style:

> The Destinn was singing Aida. We would not let her go: twenty-two times—I counted them—she returned to acknowledge our shouts. Then I took up my stand in Floral Street to see her leave, and she gave me a rose. War was declared five days later.

But the cold smile fades from the cynic's lips—for "V.G." himself has got in first. He tells a story of an encounter in which he, as a young man, had questioned an older man rather brashly—and immediately goes on to criticise the way in which he has described the encounter:

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> . . . the sly innuendos were made very much worse by a parade of deliberate self-accusation—by carefully inserted remarks about the defect being in me, and so on, which were meant to look well.

This is prefaced by the warning that it may "sound heavy and mealy-mouthed." It does, in a way; but it also excites our admiration for the writer: could its inclusion be another, more subtle, unconscious manifestation of spiritual pride? ("How plagued I still am," he writes, elsewhere, "by the demon of self-righteousness!")

If you can "take" it at all—if you are not repelled by excessive intimacy with a writer who pants constantly down your neck—you will find Mr. Gollancz's book, as I did, moving, disarming, and refreshing. Socialists will be grateful to him for digging out from Margaret Mead the enthralling story of the Arapesh and the Mundugumor. Christians will humbly admit that he is a really good man—in effect, a far better Christian than most of them will ever be. He is also the typical liberal quarry of the Hound of Heaven. I hope that he and Dr. Joad will read each other's books.

TOM DRIBERG

CLOWN

The Great Charlie. By ROBERT PAYNE. *André Deutsch.* 16*s.*

Charlie Chaplin. By THEODORE HUFF. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

The Little Fellow. By PETER COTES and THELMA NIKLAUS. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

I grew up with the Chaplin films, queued for a seat in the tuppenies in the front two rows on Saturday afternoons, had my "eyesight ruined" and my "mind corrupted"; he was the devil's pictures incarnate, the whole licentious pack. Don't pick your nose, don't turn your feet out, say "Excuse me" after that personal noise, don't touch, eat quietly, stop cheeking, don't let me hear that dirty word again, that lady heard: there he was enacting our sins, and insinuating sins even greater like some double-faced backyard dog. One could almost, with a delighted shudder, smell him; the quiver of his own nostril—the left one—as he considered the drain, the garbage can, the sink, the horse-dropping, was privately exhilarated and agreeably furtive, and for a moment shamelessly twelve years old. It took Freud and Chaplin to find us out. He was life before the Health Inspector came round and called out "the worst" boys. One would have to grow out of Charlie if one was going to fit in with the managerial state.

But we have grown into him and he has grown into an artist of genius, a clown without innocence whose clothes and whose tears are too big. He lives in a world at once too rank and too sweet. Mr. Robert Payne's speculation about his art suggests straight away that he is nothing but Pan come to life again, libidinous, fanciful, sly in virility:

> What is the moustache but a replica of the goat's black muzzle, and why the baggy trousers unless it is to hide the cloven hoofs and legs thickly covered with curly hair? 'Since I am a god or a fallen angel,' he seems to be saying, 'I can do what I damn well please.'

Yet, as Mr. G. W. Stonier says in one of his brilliant impressions of Charlie, in the introduction to this particular book, Charlie was originally a job lot, picked up out of the fading wardrobes of life: that goat moustache, for example, now mystically sensitive, elegant and obscene, was the nose smudge affected by British officers in the Boer War.

Chaplin has talked a good deal to the suggestible Mr. Payne. There is nothing (Sam Goldwyn noted years ago) that Chaplin likes so much as a "topic"—a good, serious talk about politics, religion, economics, Schopenhauer, as these things can stoke up his personal feelings. It is a rest to be an intellectual after the strain of being an artist. One hears a voice rather like D. H. Lawrence's:

> "Yes, yes," Chaplin said. "There is death in Charlie, and he is bringing life—more life. That is his only excuse, his only purpose. That is why people recognised him everywhere. They wanted the ghosts to come back and bring life."

One did not realise it, but it may well be. Certainly our delight depends upon his precarious course between life and destruction. He lives in folly and sadness at the exquisite point of peril. He is the free spirit. We have seen, in our time, the birth of a world myth which has worked underground and threatens the dictator, the witch-hunter and the war-maker, with the belly laugh of mankind. No wonder he is banned and persecuted, for he can raise it by the twitch of a nostril, by the uncontrollable irreverence of the body. No wonder, as Mr. Payne says, jesters were chained to the throne in the Middle Ages.

The three Lives I have here contain the same facts, except in one instance. It seems to be uncertain whether Chaplin was born in Kennington or Fontainebleau. The Jewish strain is important: animal intensity, unworldliness, sensibility come out of it, the way he sniffs a flower; also, the traditions of the Jewish comic in the music-hall. More important is the fact that he was born in the theatre and was trained by his mother between the ages of two and five. At eight he was performing in public; once had to be dragged off the stage because he wouldn't stop singing. Some say his mother taught him to mimic from the slum window in Kennington. Perhaps poverty was the energising thing. Clowns are not noted for their warm hearts; they have been forced by something into a world outside common usage, and Chaplin's destitution, street starvation, the years in the orphanage, must have quickened the wits and locked up the heart. When Chaplin told Eisenstein he hated children, when he told someone else he despised the poor, one sees what horror he meant by childhood and poverty. Why else did he turn up at a printing works in his teens dressed in a second-hand frock-coat? How deeply instructive to him was the roar of laughter that went up at the sight of him. He had one weapon which had been powerful in the Lambeth streets: physical mimicry, making fun of the life which, for him, was unlivable.

All biographers agree he was dour, melancholy, silent, self-interested, speaking to no-one on the stage, unless some woman—serious-minded, preferably—drew him out. Years later, at the top of his fame, the same alternative of frenzied high spirits and blank melancholy have persisted. He is one of those who are infatuated and sicken a dozen times a day. His powerlessness to resist a pretty face and then the palling of that face, show the heedlessness of an immense vitality. Mr. Huff's book contains an interesting excerpt from one of Chaplin's talks with Max Eastman, on the related subject of inspiration. Great artists have something terrifyingly machine-like in their natures. He was discussing with Eastman the daily dread—and this was in 1915!—that he had lost his gift. It was useless, he said, to wait for inspiration:

> The main thing you've got to do is to preserve your vitality. A couple of days of complete solitude helps. Not seeing people. I conserve my emotions 'I'm not going to get excited by anybody or anything until I get this thing worked out.' I go along that way living a quiet, righteous life and then I stay out late one night and have a couple of drinks—perhaps all night and the next morning the reserve pours out. But you've got to have that reserve. Dissipation is no use except as a release.

Mr. Payne is an embroiderer of his subject, agreeably over-full of ideas. Mr. Huff and Mr. Cotes and Miss Niklaus are less ambitious recorders and analysts of the films. Their detail is invaluable for they have catalogued the whole of Charlie. They remind us of the neglected *Woman of Paris*, which annoyed the Women's Clubs in the U.S.A.—fundamentally the American majority hates Chaplin because it hates individualism. To have genius is to be undemocratic. These authors see why America hated *Modern Times*—"if you can't boost, don't knock"—and why *M. Verdoux* is the natural opposite of the tramp and unnerved us with a logic we cannot face. Less eloquently than Mr. Stonier in his preface to Robert Payne, they go over the delicacies of a comi-tragic art that are more important than the general ideas Chaplin has had. Despite "topics," he is (as he has said) "an emotional cuss"—an idea is something which works up his personal feeling. It is lucky that the London streets turned him into a humanist, a hardened lover of liberty and a fearless man. He was never the "Little Man," for there was no smugness in him, nothing sedentary. His sentimentality is Cockney, but it is a protection. The real story of his life is the tale of the exhaustive study of the means of his art and of the refining process which a great artist is able to apply to rudimentary material. The slapstick comedian turned into the poet whose poetry is walked and sniffed, not written.

V. S. PRITCHETT

MR. HUXLEY'S SPLIT MIND

The Devils of Loudun. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

Mr. Huxley's study of the supposed possession of the Ursuline nuns at Loudun in the 1630's contains numerous digressions. In one of them the writer recapitulates the classic split personality case of Miss Beauchamp. Why Mr. Huxley should have made so many excursions into rather hackneyed historical phenomena is difficult to explain, but his preoccupation with split personality is intelligible enough if only on purely subjective lines.

Throughout *The Devils of Loudun* the reader is constantly reminded of the strange existence within Mr. Huxley of two or more hardly reconciled—indeed hardly reconcilable—personalities. There is the popular historian, the closest descendant of the great satirical novelist of the Twenties—a competent though often a little absurdly dogmatic retailer of broad historical pictures derived from more "stodgy" secondary sources, at his worst when pretending to historical scholarship, at his best when looking at the past as a satirical observer of personages. There is the Aubrey-like lover of past scandal. There is the Swiftian hater of the flesh, obsessed by a powerful love-hate of the human body, fascinated by a vision of great gentlemen and ladies, proud lovers and famed beauties swimming for an eternity of damnation in lakes of ordure and suppuration. There is the convincing and powerful teacher of religious truth, the man possessed by the vision of the Good, beside whose contemplation all other exercises, whether of artistic pursuit of beauty or saintlike devotion to good works, are as chaff before the wind. Finally, there is the acute political student of the human will in pursuit of power, the stern moralist who detects the moment of damnation when noble ends are destroyed by the use of ignoble means. As with Miss Beauchamp, there are moments when the "finer" Mr. Huxleys seem to glimpse momentarily and with disgust the lesser Mr. Huxleys. Unlike Miss Beauchamp, the various personalities of Mr. Huxley often combine to produce even stranger forms.

At his most disturbing, the popular historian combines with the man obsessed by human filth and the scandal-lover to produce a sort of "modern" sixth-form history master, whose sweeping generalities liberally besprinkled with "blue" revelations about the past are calculated to command the attention of even those "foul" boys at the back who are normally employed in searching for the "hot" bits in the Bible. Then, again, his horror of the flesh with its inevitable view of the world as the realm of the Prince of Darkness seeks an impossible reconciliation with what seems to me the essence of his religious belief—"by thinking primarily of evil we tend, however excellent our intentions, to create occasions for evil to manifest itself" and again "the effects which follow too constant and intense a concentration upon evil are always disastrous". To reconcile this belief in an All Pervasive Good with the Manichaean dualism to which his *Schadenfreude* leads him, he reasonably rejects

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poverty and sickness as the external symbols of inward grace, but illogically implies a sort of connection between physical health and holiness, which is as absurd as the Christian Science doctrines he so often mocks. At his highest, however, Mr. Huxley's vision of the Good is so intense that it banishes his obsessions and unites with his masterly sense of human motive to produce analyses of religious experience with an intellectual sympathy rare in such studies.

As may be well imagined, these warring and powerful forces find their literary expression in books that are both uneven and unconnected. *The Devils of Loudun* has in full degree its depths and its heights, and from start to finish the central theme of the book is never constant. The work opens with a description of seventeenth-century France at Mr. Huxley's sixth-form worst, and passes to an account of the Abbé Grandier at his satirical novelist's best. The story of this *homme moyen sensuel* who gradually built around him, in his arrogance, a ring of outraged enemies, has something of the dramatic effect of the assembly of Elvira, Anna and Ottavio; if this narrative came as the direct prelude to the vengeance that falls upon him, the drama might be as telling as Don Giovanni's. Before the terrible end of Grandier, however, we are given a very complete account of the supposed demonic possession of the Ursuline nuns which was eventually used by Grandier's enemies to secure his ruin. Since this diabolic visitation was even viewed by most contemporaries as fraudulent, it has not the intrinsic interest as a parapsychological phenomenon to justify the length at which Mr. Huxley treats it. Other and more genuine phenomena, after all, are at hand for investigation. The numerous digressions, too, on seventeenth-century science, witchcraft and medicine are based upon such well-thumbed sources that it is difficult to know for what audience they are intended; while others, like that upon antimony as a popular contemporary purgative, are marked by that obsessive interest in the sordid already described as so disturbing.

When the narrative returns to the gradual spinning of the web around Grandier which leads to the horrors of his torture and public burning, Mr. Huxley's dramatic powers are masterly. The focus here, however, is not upon religious phenomena, real or spurious, but upon the Reichstag fire methods by which Richelieu and the Grey Eminence pursued and destroyed their victim. No one can analyse such a vile confusion of ends and means as brilliantly as Mr. Huxley, nor, I think, is there anything so heartening as the absolute liberalism of his defence of the rights of individual human beings, when he is so clearly repelled by humanity as a whole. Yet the force of this section is weakened by the obscurity in which he leaves the motives of Richelieu's interest in so apparently local a proceeding. In any case, the story is a political and not a religious one. The final section is concerned with the hysteric infection which passes from the nuns to the last of their exorcists, the Jesuit Surin. This is both the most moving and the most significant episode, for Surin is of a spiritual calibre far above the other actors in the story and the long agony of his invasion by evil is genuine tragedy. Not the least among the paradoxes of Mr. Huxley's exposition is his emphasis, in this part of the book, upon the healing powers of the Natural World which rises at times to almost Wordsworthian heights. Such emphasis seems once again a strange divergence from true contemplation.

All these contradictions and disturbing shifts of emphasis only illustrate the fascinating range of Mr. Huxley's powers. It is because he still remains so entirely stimulating a writer that he could so easily eschew the obsessive, the sensational and the popular and demand from his readers the difficult discipline that the remarkable intensity of his vision of pervasive Good should claim.

ANGUS WILSON

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DENT

CAULDRON BUBBLE

The Year One. By KATHLEEN RAINE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

There is some very good poetry here. It struck me as more exciting than Kathleen Raine's previous books, and on pulling myself into a calculating frame of mind I became puzzled to see how she had got so much breadth into a mystical theme which seems inherently narrow. Mr. Robert Graves and his White Goddess have had an important effect, I think; not because he invented this topic, which he would fervently deny, but because he would sometimes express such vomiting loathing of the goddess he revered and told us we so urgently needed to revere. In her previous book *The Pythoness* Kathleen Raine made some attempts to appear in person as this murderous bitch, sow and what not, patiently following out the formula; but though the formula gives a certain range to the gentleman poets it is hard to handle for a lady poet, in particular for a rather saintly character; and Kathleen Raine seems now to have absorbed it by keeping to the narrower form of presenting herself as a disgusting sinister old witch, muttering spells. This may seem a flippant view of her very sincere verse, but it is needed, I think, when you read *Northumbrian Sequence IV*, where the main dramatic force comes from the variety of orchestration. The initial lines

> Let in the wind
> Let in the rain
> Let in the moors tonight

and their varied repetitions need to be a wicked gabble, low but corresponding to oboes and tom-toms, to get the astonishment of the contrast of the solo violin:

> Fearful is my virgin heart
> And frail my virgin form,
> And must I then take pity on
> The raging of the storm
> That rose up from the great abyss
> Before the world was made . . .

and so on. A lack of vanity about her role as magician, I suspect, has weakened the end of this splendid poem; the penultimate verse is right to start by pitying the lonely stars but ought to continue amid such grandeur, not merely be sorry for the local scenery, before the gabble comes back for the final blow:

> Let in the wound,
> Let in the pain,
> Let in your child tonight.

"Your" as apart from "my" is (I take it) intentionally baffling, as a generalisation; the two women might be different persons or might not; just as the conception of a child might be expected, from the visit of an appalling lover, or simply the return of a prodigal child, or one might think of Emily Brontë standing at the open window to hasten her death.

Such a poem has the direct hitting power on the page which is one of the crucial tests; you are forced to feel how it reads aloud. I am less fond of the "I am" form to which Mr. Robert Graves's researches gave prominence: "I am the shudder in the udder, I am the scramble in the bramble, I am the third lamp-post on your left." The English language is so fond of this game that it lies on its back, as soon you start, and asks to be tickled; one can't feel very solemn about that; and apparently the ancient riddles had very detailed pedantic answers. Kathleen Raine, as I understand, uses it to assert that each individual soul is at bottom identical with the Divine Ground (not that the prophet is here the mouthpiece of the god), and uses the surprise of her details only for incidental poetic pleasure; a different aim from her originals at both points. The effects are are good, but it is a limited formula; whereas when she uses modern science she gets it right.

The technical merit of her free verse is something much harder to talk about, an exquisite ear. It is full of half rhymes which are much better for not being full rhymes, so much so that her occasional rhymes sometimes feel a mistake, a slight flatness rather than an emphasis. It comes off the page as a beautiful voice.

W. EMPSON

REMEMBER WITHOUT TEARS

The Challenge. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. *Faber.* 21s.

Tallulah. By TALLULAH BANKHEAD. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Please Ring the Bell. By H. FRANK WALLACE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18s.

A Pattern of Islands. By ARTHUR GRIMBLE. *Murray.* 18s.

The autobiographical spate continues. How fatally easy to write are the less reputable examples of this form of literature:

> Meantime, Uncle Walter had sold up the beloved Chelmsford house and had settled next to us in Collodeon Terrace. Well do I recall Mamma's displeasure when she heard of his imminent descent upon us. "Uncle Wally" was definitely *persona non grata* with my parents, though to us girls he was a figure of enchantment and romance. . . .
>
> Those who knew Croydon in the 90s will recollect Drugget's pastry-shop (now, alas, a fire-station). Hastening home from school, we would press our eager and, albeit, somewhat pink noses to the window, feasting our eyes the while on the dainties within. One day, my sister Ethel, greatly daring . . .

In a batch of four autobiographies, let us gallantly examine the ladies first. Miss Bottome's *Search for a Soul* took us through her first eighteen years of life. *The Challenge* carries us onwards to her early thirties, through years of ill-health to her meeting with Alfred Adler. These, we are told, "are the years in which we must expose those hidden aims we have been choosing, and upon which we have built our life-plan, from our earliest childhood." The exposing of Miss Bottome's hidden aims requires 400 pages and her memory is as disastrously efficient as that of Mrs. Robert Henrey; one is punch-drunk with reminiscence and already groggy in one's corner by the end of Round One. What do such writers do? Are vast diaries kept? How else does one remember that Paul said "If you ever want to see me again I will come to you, but only on the condition that you accept me in advance as your

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lover. I do not mind seeing you in Rome, *en passant*, at Easter . . ." or that, on the last steamer to Capri, "the stars came out like a troop of buttercups"? Is it really profitable to know that, the day before Auntie Lou's arrival, Paul cut some "exquisitely designed" ham sandwiches, or that the Jeffersons' house-parlourmaid looked after the chickens?

Sometimes one barely knows where one is:

> Ernan was to meet us at Basle and to accompany us to Wesen and Tyrol, with or without his mother . . . Unfortunately, Mamma was at a little place called Baden, not very far from Wesen—both being on the main line to Innsbruck—and she preferred to remain at Baden and *not* come to Wesen with us . . . She wished to continue the baths she had begun at Baden . . . I had to explain to my mother that Ernan could not escort us from Basle to Wesen; nor leave his mother alone at Baden.

Everything clear? Ernan turns up in the end (at Wesen), sporting a well-cut, pale grey, striped flannel suit, and no longer "the forlorn boy I had parted from at the bottom of the Maloja Pass. In these few months Ernan had become a man," and has a plan for joining the Japanese Navy.

Miss Bottome is a distinguished writer and, despite the suffocating blanket of detail, there is enjoyment here and there. But I would respectfully suggest that, for the future, she lays in a stout pair of scissors and learns how to snip.

Miss Bankhead bursts, jet-propelled, from the pages of *Tallulah*. "Apostates have hinted," she announces, "that I'm the ill-gotten daughter of Medusa and the Marquis de Sade." Devotees have described her as "a fusion of Annie Laurie, Bopeep, Florence Nightingale and whichever waif Lillian Gish played in *The Orphans of the Storm*." Her book contains material to support either of these claims.

What is the explanation of the astonishing Tallulah Boom of the Twenties? There have been other American invaders as beautiful with voices as agreeably husky (the one under discussion has been "likened to the mating call of the caribou"). She was not in those days an outstandingly effective actress and she has never liked her profession: "I loathe acting. Unless the sheriff barges in to drag out my piano, I'll never act on a stage again." Her London career had its ups and downs; in 1924, the closing of *The Dancers* "caught me with my fiscal bloomers down," and at the first night of *Conchita* ("a stinker"), a performing monkey snatched off her black wig and waved it at the audience. What did Miss Bankhead do? Turned a cartwheel, of course, to her entranced public, and went off in high spirits to Ciro's where, it has been wrongly stated, she "sloshed Miss Gladys Cooper with beer" ("It was Francis Laking who doused her, inadvertently").

And yet, despite some indifferent plays, Arnold Bennett, if not legend, tells us that, on her entrance, there was

> a terrific, wild, passionate, hysterical roar. . . . Hundreds and hundreds of robust young women are determined that this first night shall be a deafening success. . . . I looked up at the gallery. Scores of lusty girls hanging over the rail and tossing their triumphant manes and gesticulating and screeching. A strange and disturbing sight.

President Truman has read this volume: "I haven't been able to put it down. It is undoubtedly the most interesting book I've had in my hands since I have been President of the United States." Do not scoff at this statement until you, too, have read the book; you may not then require to. There is something rare and remarkable about Miss Bankhead. Even after the second act of *Rain*, her stepmother was able to say to her: "Tallulah, honey, you're just precious, Sugar."

The jacket of *Please Ring the Bell* warns us that we are in for "personality, full-flavoured and instantly recognisable" and that the big-game hunting and ardent theatre-going author "has an ear for a good story, an eye for a pretty woman." Mr. Wallace progressed to Life via Eton (where "Horace came suddenly to life"), "stuffing" for Responsions with the Rev. Beddington, and Oxford (a pass degree and friends mostly in the rowing set). He has found much to please him: stag-shooting in Spain, Pratt's, Letty Lind (she had a sister called Lydia Flopp), hansoms (yes, clip-clopping) down Knightsbridge, and a merry evening at Romano's with bread being thrown from the balcony on to a diner beneath. These genial recollections and musings contain little that is novel and are thickly laced with racy tales, *bonhomie*, *clichés* and lingo. Sausages, to Mr. Wallace, are "bangers," films are "the flicks," a drink is "liquid refreshment," parties are "festive occasions," and Italians, whether mending roads or serving in restaurants, are "wops." The whole affair is bufferdom gone berserk, but, sated though we may be with the period, it has its own quaint charm.

Nobody should miss Sir Arthur Grimble's *A Pattern of Islands*, a record of devoted service, well beyond the call of duty, in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands in the Central Pacific, and told with modesty and self-effacement. "I was a tallish, pinkish, long-nosed young man, fantastically thin-legged and dolefully mild of manner . . . I think the only positive things about me were a consuming hunger for sea-travel and a disastrous determination to write sonnets." After Cambridge (Arthur Benson read the sonnets), marriage, and a comical interview with a Colonial Office official ("Ah . . . romance, romance again . . . a young couple, hull-down on the trail of rapture"), the author set sail with a wife as resourceful, hard-working and kind as he.

It is doubtful if the Colonial Office foresaw many of the duties which the Grimbles thought fit to undertake, and it is likely that they were not intended to become the firm friends of the native in their care. In appalling living condition (even water was a problem), and in an atmosphere of evil spirits and witchcraft, they set to work, learning Gilbertese, learning local customs ("She held the nut towards me with both hands . . . and gave vent to a belch so resonant that it seemed to shake her elfin form from stem to stern"), turning a jail into a maternity home, acting, on occasion, as midwife, enduring dysentery, winning everywhere respect and affection, and managing to rear a family of their own in places where the only doctor was sometimes at three months' call. There is never any real complaint, only an amused acceptance of disaster and annoyance. Their goats "conspired among themselves to live a life of embittered chastity," their imported fowls refused to lay and died of gapes; most of the bush eggs "exploded like stink-bombs in the housewife's hand."

Returning to England, Sir Arthur thought that the personnel department of the Colonial Office might be glad to hear about conditions in the Gilberts, the importance of medicines, and other details useful to new recruits. The idea was not popular: "But—my dear fellow! I mean to say! Good Heavens! If we told our applicants even a quarter of these facts in advance we'd never get a bally recruit." Had they known all the facts in advance, one feels that the Grimbles would only have hurried to their islands the faster. The reader's reactions to this superior pair are likely to be the same as those of the natives to whom they brought sympathy, help, affection and hope.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

NEW NOVELS

The Financial Expert. By R. K. NARAYAN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fever of Love. By ROSAMOND HARCOURT-SMITH. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Westward the Sun. By GEOFFREY COTTERELL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Most Indian novels are subconsciously dedicated to one or other deity of the Hindu pantheon. Mr. Mulk Raj Anand's untouchables are the sweepings of Shiva, Mr. Huthi Singh's blood-stained eunuch is a wraith of Kali. Similarly, Mr. Narayan's new book is concerned with the courtship of the Lakshmi, Goddess of Wealth. Margayya, the money-lender, is India's Little Man wooing showers of silver rupees.

Mr. Narayan humanizes India for us and this is something that alien writers of greater genius cannot do. *Kim* gives us the romantic India of fakirs and spices, the continent of mystery ringed by the Great Widow's battalions, traversed by her railways, yoked beneath her iron writ. Mr. Forster's India, for all its realism, is a gigantic question-mark made up of a million molecules: mud and holiness, temples and monkeys and missionaries have been mixed in a cosmic bran-tub. Mr. Narayan shies away from the caves of Marabar and makes for a branch turning off the Great Trunk Road. It is in his sociable, down-at-heel Malgudi with its betel-strewn mean streets and malodorous gutters, its astrologers and Co-operative Banks, its brothels, lawyers, cinemas and cheap aphrodisiacs, that East and West really meet.

In the centre of the Malgudi framework is Margayya himself—crooked, credulous, uneducated, a pompous failure oscillating between extremes of despair, daydream and self-assertion. Extremes of nostalgia also:

> He wore a lace-edged *dhoti* which he normally kept folded in his box. It was a fine texture, but much yellowed now . . . It had been given to him, as it now seemed a century and a half ago, on the day of his wedding when he was sitting beside his wife on a flower-decked swing, surrounded by a lot of women-folk joking and singing and teasing the newly-weds, after the feast of night. He sighed at the thought of those days. How they had fussed about him and tried to satisfy his smallest request and keep him pleased in every way. How eminent he had felt then! People seemed to feel honoured when he spoke to them . . . he had thought that that would continue for ever. What a totally false view of life one acquired on one's wedding day!

When we first meet Margayya he is sitting beneath a banyan tree opposite the local bank, lecturing the peasants while advancing them small loans. Before the wheel comes full circle,

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he has suffered the extremities of splendour and misery. He has wooed Lakshmi with the ashes of a red lotus mixed with milk drawn from a smoke-coloured cow and the results have been astonishing. With the aid of a Dr. Pal ("journalist, correspondent and author"), he has published a pornographic textbook, recouped his fortunes and become a great man. He has consulted horoscopes, bickered with priests, quarrelled with his brother's family, and been driven almost senseless by the follies of his spoilt darling of a son. His great system of credit collapses as easily as a house of cards, leaving him with a tin box and a cash register with which to start his banking life all over again under the banyan tree. Timid, atrabilious, he remains indestructible, the Indian Babbitt of our day.

Though in his admirable and sympathetic introduction Mr. Greene compares Margayya to a character out of Chekhov, the book itself has a flavour of Gogol. There is the same exuberance of incident, the same appetite for national humours, the same flair for pinning down a whole society in two pages of dialogue. Mr. Narayan writes in the main stream of the great comic tradition. Racy and colloquial, ironic and reflective all at the same time, his book gallops along at the speed of Chichikov's *troika*.

Fever of Love and *Westward the Sun* give a contemporary twist to Disraeli's image of the Two Nations. Each sharply realises a vastly different world, each is extremely entertaining, each is a shallow but crystal-clear pool of social reflection into which the English reader stares fascinated—yet with mixed feelings. Mrs. Harcourt-Smith's book is the quintessence of top drawer chi-chi 1952. Natural feeling is having a bad time on the supertax and love is a word no one can spell. In their place we have the new sensibility, a sensibility that has substituted gush, *Kunsthistorische* and interior decoration for the old-fashioned eighteenth-century qualities of generosity, enthusiasm and compassion. Culture means collecting Fabergé Easter eggs, history means regretting pre-war Cassis. Sex, according to whether one delivers or repels the offensive, is a form of scalp-collecting or a fierce game of tit-for-tat. Broken on the wheel of self-regard, one flies to a chic Salamanca monastery:

> The cool granite walls, the remote mountain air, the company of the old man who contrived to be saintly yet well informed as any ambassador, threw Sebastian's troubles into fresh perspective like the click of a child's kaleidoscope.

The two married couples—Sebastian and Virginia, Richard and Jane—fall into the wrong beds with the precision of puppets and the alertness of clever unbalanced ten-year-olds. In life, their world is a dreary charade; on the page, it is often amusing. Boredom mostly sets in with the art epigrams.

Fever of Love seems to me to be escapist fiction in the only sense in which that overworked word is legitimate—*i.e.*, it has served as a form of "escape" for the writer herself. Because Mrs. Harcourt-Smith admires and is impressed by her central characters, she is not, as it were, wholly in control of them. In spite of so much that is entertaining—her Mademoiselle and Lady Richenda are rich comic creations—her book strikes me as shrill and vulgar. Unlike Miss Mitford, she cannot see beyond her world. It exists in a void, unrelated to the rest of post-war society or to any hard artistic centre. Since high or low comedy must equally be concerned with the incongruous, its absence is bound to give a book like this a stifling hot-house effect. If Mrs. Harcourt-Smith can only get out of her Paxtonian prison-house, she may yet write a very witty novel.

Mr. Cotterell's book is at the other end of the social scale: he takes his stand outside Rainbow Corner. He is concerned with life in a working-class London suburb, with the pub, the Palais, and the night-shift canteen. *Westward the Sun* is set in 1944 and tells of the manner in which Linda Ferrers, aged eighteen, became a G.I. bride. Pert, warm-hearted, independent, shrewdly down-to-earth, yet measuring everything in life by the yardstick of the local Odeon, Linda is an appealing and pathetic figure. Even when most mussed-up after a night of wrestling for her virtue with the Yanks, she is a good deal more attractive than Mrs. Harcourt-Smith's Voguies with their shell-shaped ears and kittenish psyches. Unlike the latter (who, to judge by the one piece of Cockney in her book, has never listened to her charwoman), Mr. Cotterell is a born mimic. But his great gift remains his supreme readability. In this respect, I should say that he comes nearer to Mr. Somerset Maugham than any English novelist.

JOHN RAYMOND

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UNDER AND OVER THE SEA

Under the Sea-Wind. By RACHEL CARSON. *Staples.* 12s. 6d.
Shorelands Summer Diary. By C. F. TUNNICLIFFE. *Collins.* 42s.
Sea Elephant. By L. HARRISON MATTHEWS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15s.
The Fulmar. By JAMES FISHER. *Collins.* 35s.

At first sight the structure of Miss Rachel Carson's *Under the Sea-Wind* is a little difficult to determine, but it is nevertheless meticulous and intricate. Miss Carson is *par excellence* an ecologist, so that she observes living things always in relation to other living things—the predator and its prey, and the prey's quarry in turn, and all the host of other species that go to form the background of each, so the canvas becomes ever larger and more complex in structure. To prevent our eyes roving loosely over this immense tapestry she has taken a few theme-species as a bold design, and as she follows them through their lives she weaves around them the myriad other threads with which they clash or harmonise. That these background lives, each of which could be treated as a central theme, do not obtrude, is in itself a tribute to Miss Carson's skill, and whether we follow the cycle of a sandpiper, a mackerel, or an eel, we achieve a kind of identification with her momentary hero, while acquiring a mass of fascinating information. But as the publisher's blurb states, with unusual accuracy, her true hero is life itself. In particular, it is that of the sea, from which all life has come, and I would compare the author with the net of which she writes in prose as pure and beautiful as her first book, *The Sea Around Us*:

> It was as though all the myriad lesser fry of the sea—plants small as dust motes and the animals tinier than a sand grain—drifting from birth to death in an ocean of infinite size and endless fluidity, seized upon the meshes of the gill net as the one firm reality in their uneasy world and clung to it with protoplasmic hair and cilia, with tentacle and claw. The gill net glowed as though it had life of itself; its radiance shone out into the black sea and down into the darkness below. The light lured many small creatures to rise from deep water and gather on the meshes of the gill net, where they rested all that night in the dark, wide sea.

I have one minor quarrel with her treatment of her theme-species. I am aware of the great difficulty of writing a life history of a nameless individual, and while I can find no reasonable alternative to her use of "nicknames" I wish very much that it were unnecessary. Anguilla the eel and Comber the mackerel have the educational value of abbreviated scientific names, but I must admit that a pair of sandpipers named Silverbar and Blackfoot leave me restive; I feel that I am being led gently but firmly back to the nursery.

The book has an illustrated glossary (an idea I commend to other writers on such subjects) for which Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe has supplied the drawings. His own book *Shorelands Summer Diary* appears at the same time. Here, too, the years seem to slide back, but I am led willingly and without protest. Shorelands is the name of the author's estuary home, and the birds of the estuary are the theme of his diary. Produced with an almost pre-war lavishness, it is illustrated with more than a hundred and fifty of his drawings and paintings, of which sixteen are in colour. It is an attractive volume to handle, and at present-day costs the publishers would appear to have performed something of a conjuring trick. Mr. Tunnicliffe's deep feeling for birds enlivens all his work, and to his ability as painter and naturalist he adds an unusual sense of composition. I find some of his black-and-white drawings a little crowded—probably because he responds to so many different things in a scene—but there are both drawings and paintings which are exciting even as arrangements of tone or colour masses. His painting of fighting sheldrakes is one of these, and the drawing of the arctic terns' *pas de deux* on page 76 has the delicacy, and almost the movement, of a "mobile." This is primarily a book for bird lovers of all ages, but there can be few country-minded children who would not find it a delightful and satisfying present.

Sea Elephant, by L. Harrison Matthews, seems to me a sort of Q-ship; or a wolf, if not in sheep's clothing at least in the skin of a disarmingly safe-looking dog. It is subtitled "The Life and Death of the Elephant Seal," and it is written by the Scientific Director of the Zoological Society. An innocent disguise, but this is not a suitable present for your children. The first shock is the realisation that Dr. Matthews can write—a rather rare accomplishment among scientists—and the second is that he is telling a personal story of a long voyage with seal-hunters in the Antarctic. The book, illustrated with the author's photographs and drawings, is an almost uninterrupted display of pyrotechnics, in which the majority of the fireworks do go off, but not a few wound the spectators in doing so. I am not a squeamish man (indeed I have been accused of being the reverse) but here, unlike Mr. Ogden Nash's sea-gull, I cannot guarantee not to squeam. I am aware that the atrocities that man commits upon the seals are little worse than those that the seals inflict upon each other,

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but this is to me irrelevant. "Slaughtering seals," says Dr. Matthews, "always degrades and brutalises those who do it," and he is too good a writer for us to escape a vicarious share in the slaughter, a vicarious revulsion from degradation. But there are other things to share in this book than such nightmares as a partially skinned seal coming back to life and struggling towards the sea. There are images of great beauty, and passages of descriptive and imaginative writing of true sensitivity. I choose his description of a West African beach where some time before a steamer carrying a cargo of toys had been wrecked:

> Strangest of all were the cases of toys; there had evidently been a shipment of toy wooden horses on stands with little wheels. The cases had all come to pieces and the horses floated out, and the glue had come unstuck in the water—at one place half an acre was covered with ranks of the wooden bases, all standing upright on their wheels, four legs with no body or head rising from them. There the little wooden legs stood up bravely in the scorching sun, the jackal tracks making a network pattern in the sand around them, and the rusty nails through the hubs locking the wheels . . . . The only living thing in sight, bar the wailing gulls overhead, was a vulture sitting on a spar sticking out of the sand.

This is the end of a chapter, and there is a tail-piece of a bodiless wooden horse.

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FREDERICK MULLER

SLIDE RULES AND BALLOTS

The British General Election of 1951. By D. E. BUTLER. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Mr. David Butler served as a statistical assistant to the two previous Nuffield election studies, and he was the sensible choice to command this third foray into the realm of "psephology," a term invented by Mr. R. B. McCallum to describe this form of electoral research. The pattern of his book is very similar to that of its predecessors, but it includes specialised reports on the campaign in six "typical" constituencies, and an amusing account of elections in Ulster.

Much of the book, of course, is designed to serve future historians, and may seem a little tedious to those whose memories of the manifestos, broadcasts, press reports and election addresses are still fresh. But the summaries are still very useful. To those of us who took part in it, indeed, the appeal of this book is rather similar to that of war histories to old soldiers. There was little time last October to discover what was happening on other sectors of the Front. How did our units fare in the West Country and in the North? What tactics were successful in Blaydon and Aberdeen? Was the "warmonger" scare the secret weapon that the Tories claimed, and was it responsible for the success of Labour's counter-offensive? Mr. Butler's book is for those who want to mull over such questions.

Yet the outstanding impression that this volume creates is of uniformity, both in party tactics and in the response of the electorate. Certainly the level of organisation differed between the parties, and from one constituency to another, but it seems to have made remarkably little difference. Mr. Butler's statistical appendix confirms this impression. Neither candidates nor tactics nor local issues made more than a tiny impact on the vote, which was determined almost completely by national issues. He shows how the uneven division of homeless Liberals ensured the Tory victory, and adds a table which suggests that a further swing of 1 per cent. from Labour to the Tories would have given Mr. Churchill a majority of 66, while a shift of 1 per cent. the other way would give Labour a lead of 14 seats. A 2 per cent. swing back would put Labour in with a majority of 40.

The more the psephologists discover about our electoral behaviour, in short, the more we seem to be creatures of the slide rule. For the most part the imponderables seem to cancel out over the country as a whole. If Mr. Butler is right, then under present "stalemate" conditions the issue is finally settled by the response of a few thousand electors to the contest between the national leaders. For the rest, all the money and effort spent in the campaign serve only to keep the party faithful in line and ensure that they actually go to the poll. If this were generally understood, much of the enthusiasm might go out of our elections. But we are, it seems, irrational in our politics. Even in the most hopeless places, as Mr. Butler's own narrative and those contributed by his colleagues both show, we canvass, speak, address envelopes and work ourselves silly in the belief that we are making a discernible difference. All this is good for democracy, even if it pays few electoral dividends.

Mr. Butler's book, nevertheless, is not as cynical as some of the conclusions that may be drawn from it, and at times it is both amusing and penetrating. There are some electoral oddities still: there is the constituency where both sides pay children to act as polling-booth tellers; and some of the stories that Mr. Desmond Neill tells of Northern Ireland politics would make a Tammany boss blush at the crudity with which election law is violated. I liked especially the distinction between "ethical" personation—voting for one's own absent supporters—and unethical "flogging," when an opponent is personated.

For those who believe that further improvements in our electoral practice are both possible and needed, Mr. Butler makes some interesting comments. Discussing the excessive neutrality of the B.B.C., for instance, and noting its anxiety to escape anything that might compromise this, he asks why each party should not be allowed a certain amount of time each day to present its own version of election news. And, while conceding that British parties are more sparing with half-truths and promises than one might expect, he adds: "The theory that complete candour and integrity are an electoral asset is, alas, by no means proved, and certainly no major party has yet had the courage to act upon it." There is food for thought in the Labour Party here. Next time Labour has the choice of going to the country with a "tough" and possibly unpopular policy, and thereby preparing the electorate for the austerity ahead, or of imitating Lord Woolton, getting back into power by implying that all will yet be well and easy, and breaking up within a few months when the easy road proves to be a blind alley.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

CHILDREN'S NOVELS

Companions of Fortune. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Lost Island. By EILIS DILLON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Boy at the Swinging Lantern. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
North for Adventure. By RICHARD S. LAMBERT. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Missing Brother. By KEITH ROBERTSON. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Barons' Hostage. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Phœnix House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Young Master Carver. By A. STEPHEN TRING. *Phœnix House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Hop Dog. By NORA LAVRIN and MOLLY THORP. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
On Stage Please. By JOAN SELBY-LOWNDES. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I have just read a mixed dozen of children's novels by English, Irish, American, Canadian and French authors. My general impression is that the level is considerably higher than one would expect to find in an assorted dozen of adult novels. Apart from two to which I took a personal dislike, one because it struck me as sentimental and sadistic, the other because it was written in a maddeningly arty style, the rest ranged from good workmanlike jobs to really excellent and unusual books. One of these, the French *Companions of Fortune*, I consider to be a masterpiece, and an Irish one, *The Lost Island*, runs it very close. Three others—*The Boy at the Swinging Lantern* (Irish again), *North for Adventure* (Canadian) and *The Missing Brother* (American)—are all admirable in entirely different ways, so those who are beginning to worry about Christmas presents for their own and other people's ten-to-fifteen-year-olds can cheer up.

North for Adventure, by Richard S. Lambert, looks to me a safe bet for any boy in his 'teens who likes his adventure realistic and factual and who has a taste for science and anthropology. Based on the eighteenth-century journal of Samuel Hearn, who spent his early twenties exploring for the Hudson's Bay Company and was the first white man to discover the Polar Sea and the Great Slave Lake, it is as gripping as Robinson Crusoe and full of fascinating and convincing detail about Indians, Eskimos and wild animals. Mr. Lambert is obviously expert in this type of "adventure-biography," for his *Franklin of the Arctic* won him two important Canadian awards. He ought to have a great success in this country, for he has the art of making his eighteenth-century hero's adventures seem to be happening, step by step, to the reader. Better still, all the fascinating information he acquires gives the reader the sense of having acquired it personally by trial and error and not having had it pumped into him by an omniscient author. The two books in the *Pageant* series, *The Barons' Hostage* (Geoffrey Trease) and *Young Master Carver* (A. Stephen Tring), well done as they are, seem to me just to miss this

quality and therefore to remain at the level of glorified history-without-tears textbooks rather than children's novels. I thought the quieter *Young Master Carver* better as a story than *The Barons' Hostage*, although the latter has plenty of excitement. *Young Master Carver* seems to have digested its history more smoothly and shows how such things as the forestry laws in the reign of Edward III affected the life of a boy prepared to do anything to save his own dog from "maiming." As the boy is a wood-carver, his adventures as a craftsman should appeal to any boy or girl interested in carving or carpentry.

The Hop Dog, by Nora Lavrin and Molly Thorp, will not, I think, appeal to all and every child. It is all about a little girl who goes off with the hop-pickers. The characters and the background are all very convincing, but the story as a story is rather thin. I think it is a girl's book rather than a boy's. There is a great deal of domestic detail in the way of descriptions of clothes, cooking, looking after children and so on. But I am sure a somewhat serious-minded girl of, say, twelve, with leanings towards sociology and domestic science, would enjoy it very much indeed. A girl who wants to go on the stage will find plenty of authentic details about stage life in general and a stage training-school in particular in Joan Selby-Lowndes's *On Stage Please*. (But if the young person has already read Noel Streatfeild's *Ballet Shoes* she may be inclined to turn up her little nose at it.) *On Stage Please* covers the same background and covers it less vividly and excitingly. The children are, frankly, a little dull, and there is a considerable amount of padding; notably far too many excerpts from, stage directions for, and general boosting of *Where the Rainbow Ends*.

The Missing Brother (Keith Robertson) is a good story about an American schoolboy who is sent off to fetch some samples of clay as a penance for having exploded a horrible electrical device under his Science master's feet. Nervous parents would be wise to censor the instructions for making this infernal machine: they look fearfully accurate. Ted's adventures become very exciting indeed; towards the end, almost unbearably so, even for a hardened adult. The fact that Ted is a perfectly credible boy and the background of the story is a perfectly ordinary American small town gives it the right touch of realism. The hero is fifteen and the recipient of either sex should be thereabouts or a trifle less.

The Boy at the Swinging Lantern and *The Lost Island* (particularly the latter) seem to me in a class well above the ordinary children's novel. Both the quality of the language and the vividness and freshness of these two Irish books makes even the best of the others seem flat by contrast. Even a not particularly imaginative child could hardly fail to find them thrilling reading for their plots alone (*The Lost Island* is as original and as full of apprehensive suspense as a Graham Greene entertainment for grown-ups) but an imaginative one will discover a new world in them.

Lastly—and this for a very special child, male or female—comes the book which seems to me a small masterpiece by any standards. One might call *Companions of Fortune* a French *Treasure Island*, but it has a magic and a poetry entirely its own. There is a superb voyage of old shipmates, accompanied by their dead captain's grandson, in search of buried treasure; there are wonderful and alarming adventures among savages and strange forests and wild animals; there is a magnificent and mysterious cat. The author is an explorer, a hunter and a naturalist, but, though a child will learn as many fascinating facts from *Companions of Fortune* as from *North for Adventure*, the French book has a rare, almost visionary quality which makes it as different from the ordinary "rattling good yarn" as *The Ancient Mariner* from *Admirals All*. For any child whose bell it rings, it will be a delight to be returned to and browsed over for years. Geoffrey Trease's translation is so brilliant and so imaginative that it is a work of art in itself.

ANTONIA WHITE

SCRAPING THE BARREL

One-Upmanship. By STEPHEN POTTER. *Hart-Davis*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Terror of St. Trinian's. By TIMOTHY SHY and RONALD SEARLE. *Parrish*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Wild, Wild Women. By VIRGIL PARTCH. *Dobson*. 6*s*.

I'm a Lucky Guy. By FRANK B. GILBRETH. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

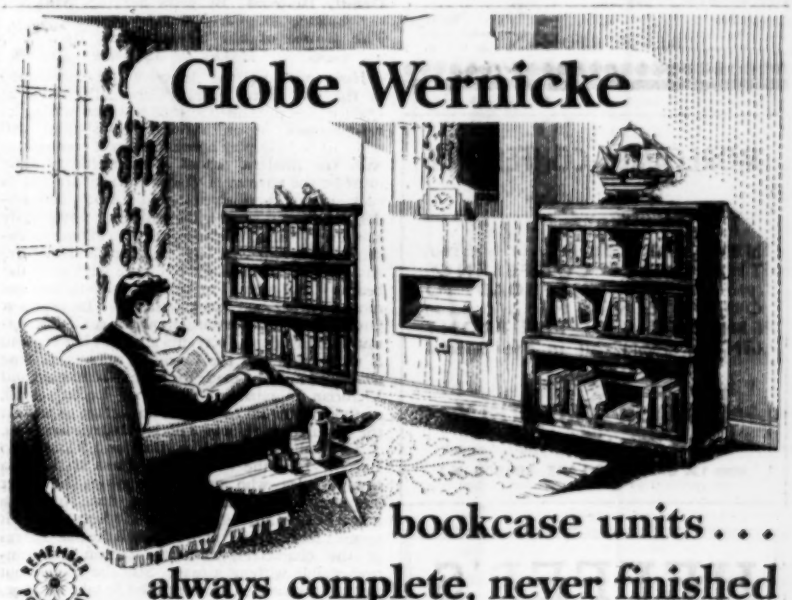
The Right Playmate. By JAMES BROUGHTON and GERARD HOFFNUNG. *Hart-Davis*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Look at You. By DAVID LANGDON. *Methuen*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Pick of Punch. *Chatto & Windus*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This seems to be a bad portion of the century for humour. Thurber, like Chaplin, has taken to semi-serious autobiography, Perelman and the Marx Brothers have long lost their original sparkling form, and the recent brilliant beginners, exemplified in this list by Mr. Potter, Mr. Ronald Searle and Mr. Virgil Partch, appear to have exhausted their stock at the precise moment when it had caught on most securely with the public. Old jokes are no doubt the best; what is alarming at the present time is how rapidly the new jokes become old. For about twelve months Gamesmanship and St. Trinian's were inescapable: at parties, on film posters, on the radio, one was constantly made aware that a new joke had been cracked, and was accordingly grateful. Now both are wearing thin. Their authors have little more to add to what was in the first place a conception valuable for its very limitations. Mr. Potter's book has some very funny passages in it, as everyone would expect, and some shrewd ones, but it is fatally weakened by two faults: in the first place the mock-pompous style, when the author is not absolutely at the top of his form, soon becomes wearisome; and, more gravely, the reader soon begins to doubt whether the various -ships would in fact work. *Gamesmanship* succeeded so well because it was founded on real observation, and in a great number of instances could be (and quite certainly was) tested empirically. *One-Upmanship* contains any number of ploys which only the brashest would risk their reputations on. It is the system reduced not to absurdity but to improbability, a far feebler end for a satirical idea. Mr. Searle and Mr. Shy also elaborate their joke; and the sad result of that is to reduce St. Trinian's to something approaching unpleasantness. Clothed in words, the sadistic fantasies become all too sadistic, and very little fantastic. The Searle-Shy combination is a formidable one which should clearly be continued; but I hope that they will work out a new line, and leave poor St. Trinian's to sink back into the Id for a while.

Though Mr. Partch has a much smaller public than many other American humorists, his last collection of cartoons held out the promise of a ripe talent for the screwball macabre, in the Thurber-Addams tradition. Alas, *The Wild, Wild Women* is a complete let-down. Having apparently had his say, Partch has now taken to echoing Thurber's, adding a risqué element which the older master never allowed to intrude; and his other favourite line of the literal cliché ("My wife . . . no business head"—picture of woman with no head at an auction) could surely be allowed to wither away. Mr. Langdon, though not perhaps among the greatest of present-day cartoonists, never descends to this level; and his new book keeps a cheerfully high standard. Among many others I particularly like the apologetic Underground official explaining to a group of angry ticket-buyers "They're only machines, y'know: inclined to be a bit temperamental at times." Mr. Langdon's drawings also enliven the latest *Pick of Punch*, which for my



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taste could do with some enlivening. However, *Punch* has been scraping the barrel, and doing very nicely, thank you, for longer than most of us can remember; at this stage there is no need to do more than advertise its latest anthology, and let friends and enemies act according to their instincts.

Lastly, two books with a transatlantic flavour. *I'm a Lucky Guy* is the newest example of that curious phenomenon, the American comic autobiography. *Life with Father, Father of the Bride, I Remember Mama, The Egg and I*—they keep coming, hearty, nearly indistinguishable, and apparently unending. When two authors have collaborated, the usual sequel is for them to split, like an amœba, and go their separate ways. This is the case here; and it is not surprising that Mr. Gilbreth's book is clean, happy and as unimportant as a hiccup. Mr. Broughton is another kettle of fish. An American poet and amateur film-maker, his view of life has the equivocal sweetness of a marzipan centre. It is possible that Gerard Hoffnung's Wagnerian lunacy is the wrong companion for this outlook; but for all that, *The Right Playmate* is unique among the week's list in being both original and deeply, lastingly funny.

FRANK HAUSER

OLD AND NEW DETECTION

Crime at Orcival. By EMILE GABORIAU. *Harvill.* 9s. 6d.
Alibi for a Witch. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.
Body in the Beck. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.
Murder in the Mill Race. By E. C. R. LORAC. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.
Polly Put the Kettle On. By JOAN FLEMING. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.
The King is Dead. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
Deadly Beloved. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.
The House of the Seven Flies. By VICTOR CANNING. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10s. 6d.

How much has the detective story developed in the last eighty years? Gaboriau's *Crime at Orcival* (first published in 1868 and now making its reappearance in an abridged translation) will allow us to judge, by offering a direct comparison with the modern school. Astonishingly little must be the answer. Detectives today are just as cock-sure of themselves as old Lecoq; and evidence turns up as providentially and fortuitously as ever. Villains, it is true, tend to expose themselves in a somewhat later chapter; and disguise has gone out of fashion. No more wigs and false beards! But plots, I'm afraid, have only become more abstruse and less plausible. The crime at Orcival is straightforward enough. A Countess is murdered while the servants are out; her chateau is ransacked; and the Count is missing. Some allowance must be made for French sentiment and Victorian moralising. Otherwise Lecoq's brisk methods show up to distinct advantage as against the laboured stodginess of his latter-day successors.

The Italian detective in *Alibi for a Witch* is no Lecoq. It is the English governess at the villa near Naples who eventually grasps how her employer has managed to get done to death twice in two different suits of clothes. Or so it seems; for it is difficult to follow all the manœuvres of the characters, while the terrain is incomprehensible without a map. Still the climate out there is relaxing. One is entitled to take an afternoon off from detecting and watch the carrozzas lazily clop-clopping along the dusty roads on errands of love, at describing which Miss Ferrars is far more proficient.

The Body in the Beck is found in the Lake District and is a mere device to introduce us to the close fraternity of rock-climbers, with whom we accomplish some wonderful pitches and traverses while waiting for the Scotland Yard man to arrive. This detective is an odious being, an embodiment of all that Miss Cannan hates most in the Welfare State, and therefore totally incompetent. Not that it matters; as the murder is not of the slightest interest and is solved in a trice by the gallant climbers when the time comes.

Inspector Macdonald travels to Exmoor to solve *The Murder in the Mill Race* of Sister Monica who ruled the local charity home for children with a rod of iron. The pace of village interrogation is invariably sluggish: so much time has to be devoted to dialect and country mannerisms. Too much cackle and too few 'osses. In fact E. C. R. Lorac only has one 'oss which anyone would care to back and that's not a particularly dark one. Still the plot is sound enough, for which one may be duly thankful.

Polly Put the Kettle On is a spirited crime story with a surprise at the finish. The fact that it never pretends to be detection helps towards the surprise, as the reader never knows what to expect. The drama opens with a discharged convict taking a job on a farm and falling in love with Polly, the farmer's wife. Who kills whom in the issue is not for me to say. But Mrs. Fleming, who decides the matter with some duplicity, does not condone illicit love and insists on paying sin 'its heavy wages.

The King is Dead, a fantastic vision of World Enemy No. 1 reigning supreme over a fabulous island until a bullet hits him, exhibits Ellery Queen at his wild worst. The sole item of serious inquiry purports to be a stagey locked room mystery. How could the dictator be shot through inches of armour plate by an empty revolver? Well, I ask you! Even though Ellery Queen has been making passes over us for the last 100 pages, we are not mesmerised to that extent.

The American authoress going by the name of John Stephen Strange is far more at home with crime than she ever was in detection. In *Deadly Beloved* the spurious charm of the murderer—half Crippen, half Brides-in-the-Bath Smith—is a triumph of art. The exploits of this sinister dentist on the ground floor occupy most of the book, but upstairs we find our old friends, Barney and Muriel, who eventually run him down in style.

The House of the Seven Flies provides the key to the chart showing where the jewels lie at the bottom of the river Maas—diamonds originally stolen from the Dutch by the Germans and now waiting for more thieves to come along. Mr. Canning made a name for himself with *The Golden Salamander*, and this new thriller conforming to the same recipe can be absorbed with equal satisfaction.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Great Corinthian. By DORIS LESLIE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15s.

In this new biography the Prince Regent is presented in his heyday: the story ends at the date of his coronation as George IV. Mrs. Leslie writes as one intoxicated with the glamour of the period. Quotation alone can do justice to the richness of her style. Pitt is described as "impermeable," Mrs. Fitzherbert as "ever gracious and deistically calm," the Princess Charlotte as "comely, crocus-limbed." The Prince himself, "always paranoiac," is rumoured to be living "in flagrant delight" with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and then comes up against "the limpet-like persuasions of the tenacious Lady Jersey." To justify such lavish use of vocabulary the authoress eschews dull politics and devotes her attention to the more spectacular incidents in the Prince's career, with special emphasis, naturally, on his love affairs. In this context, she proffers a theory of her own to account for his peculiar preference for women older than himself: Oedipus-complex. He was in love with old Queen Charlotte. This obvious basic hypothesis hardly seems worth stressing. It needs a more subtle psychology to trace the wanderings of that Hanoverian libido and account for its transition from "Perdita" Robinson to Lady Conyngham, via Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey and Lady Hertford.

Mrs. Leslie relies for the details of her story on the vast fund of contemporary records. Perhaps it would be asking too much of her to question the

authority of the sources on which she confidently relies. Thus, in her account of Princess Charlotte, she slavishly follows Professor Aspinall in identifying the wrong Prussian Prince as the mysterious lover who scotched the match with the Prince of Orange, although the error has long since been exposed. Such a mistake, however, is venial in slapdash biography. But it would be interesting to know from which of the 113 books cited in her bibliography did she obtain the notion that the Prince Regent might have seen, from his window at the Pavilion, Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale walking arm in arm down the Steyne at Brighton. Johnson happened to die two years before the building of the Pavilion was begun.

A Forgotten Journey. By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"I am now living on Fortnums and the country"—how neatly Mr. Fleming, writing up his diary on his overland journey to China in 1935, suggests his own particular quality as a traveller. On the one hand is the Old Etonian sportsman who notices the Brigade tie on a visitor to Lenin's tomb, who plays squash at our embassy in Peking, who records the bag after a day's shooting near Shanghai: 53 snipe, 12 pheasants, 18 quail, 1 duck. But another Mr. Fleming is constantly taking over—the observer who brushes aside the conventional category and the preconceived idea to get to the individual person or experience. In a few lines he can hit off the excitement and boredom of a Caucasian bearhunt, the Turksib tunnelling its way round Lake Baikal, the seedy White Russians of a Harbin hotel. Having visited Samarkand, Tashkent, Vladivostock, Shanghai, Peking, Mr. Fleming is on the point of proceeding to Korea when the diary ends. There were passport troubles, ticket troubles, guide troubles, but to Russians, Chinese and Japanese he was a tolerated if unorthodox traveller. Though slight, the diary was worth reprinting (though it could have done without some irritating later footnotes) as a reminder of another vanished freedom.

Miss Horniman and the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. By REX POGSON. *Rockliff.* 21*s.*

Miss Horniman was the founder of the English Repertory movement. A grand-daughter of the tea-merchant, she first made herself indebted to the Theatre by building the Abbey in Dublin at a cost to herself of thirteen thousand pounds, and she subsidised it subsequently for some five years. She would have liked to have launched her idea of a theatre straight at the heart of the West End, but, the economics of the business making this impossible, Manchester was chosen instead. The attack which opened there succeeded none the less in reaching its object. Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre did more than found the Repertory movement. It was an important element of the advance guard which, under Granville Barker and G. B. S., unseated the reigning theatrical convention and established the supremacy of the post-Ibsen drama.

Mr. Rex Pogson, in this detailed and useful monograph, makes it clear that the attack was on two fronts, for it helped to push forward both new playwrights and a new style of realistic acting. Miss Horniman emerges as a thoroughly lovable "character," not the least a narrow doctrinaire, but the best type of New Woman, wide in her interests and passionately enthusiastic. Mr. St. John Ervine contributes a foreword in which, characteristically, he thinks to add to Miss Horniman's praise by taking a couple of swipes at Lilian Bayliss. "Miss Bayliss"—this is one of the two—"took little interest in the drama—her interest was chiefly in music."

Westminster Hospital, 1719 - 1948. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. *Murray.* 21*s.*

The Westminster Hospital required an official history, and entrusted the writing to Mr. Langdon-Davies. The result is both brilliant and unique, and its cordial acceptance by the governors who commissioned it is a sign of the vitality and good sense of a great Hospital. It is very hard to imagine how such a history could have been done better. Nothing is glossed over—the record is at once inspiring, horrifying, instructive and, in a good many places, killingly funny. We read of the early struggles, the nurses who drank and the chaplain who shoved the Sacrament down a dying man's throat, the skulduggery over appointments, the chief who fought a duel and was ever after known as Bullet-proof Thomson, the public inquiries, the blunders, the drains. But we also see, through Mr. Langdon-Davies's possession, rare in commissioned histories, of a genuine historical sense, the steady progress from muddled philanthropy to the concept of social service, from the doctor as quack-cum-hero to the social and biological scientist, from the Westminster as it was, in fact, to the Westminster as it is, a magnificent example of the growth of humane and scientific ideas. Mr. Langdon-Davies does not make the mistake of being over-acid—one can always make former worthies, larger than life-size as so many were, into butts. We shall all of us be butts, perhaps, to the future, for hospital committees are known to squabble, chiefs to canvass, and medical absentees to hold office even in our own era.

Any Westminster student can get from this book a picture of his Hospital's growth which is candid, inspiring, and an education both in human psychology and human institutions. The rest of us can get from it a really vivid insight into the growth of British medicine and the society which bred it. A "must" for all who love history, or scandal, or their fellow men.

Old Edinburgh Taverns. By MARIE W. STUART. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

So much time did the citizens of eighteenth-century Edinburgh spend in taverns, that a book about these is almost co-extensive with a book about Edinburgh social life. Physically, they were singularly uninviting, tiny little cellars, stuffy and reeking, and it is curious that they retained their appeal long after the building of George Square and the New Town gave the Edinburgh gentry space for private entertaining. The truth appears to be that the overcrowding of the Old Town had bred a sociability which not even the most extensive private entertaining could satisfy. Fortunate in being able to import immense quantities of the best claret, and in brewing what has always been—and still is—amongst the best ale in Britain, well-fed on local delicacies, Edinburgh folk lived a vivid subterranean café life, and provided Miss Stuart with material for a book, which, if marred a little by the circumlocutory skittishness of provincial journalism, is full of information and entertainment. It would have been even more interesting if more, and later, nineteenth-century material had been included, and particularly if more had been said about the history of the older taverns which are still extant.

The Peoples and Policies of South Africa. By LEO MARQUAND. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

Carefully factual and carefully balanced, Mr. Marquand's new book on South Africa re-tells and prolongs the sorry and surprising story that he set down in his earlier book, *The Black Man's Burden*, published nearly ten years ago. His new book is perhaps too carefully balanced: it lacks the generous indignation and the forceful expression which gave life and heat—and therefore greater readability—to his earlier work, so that in striving to remain dispassionate Mr. Marquand has risked becoming dull. A great many facts are here, and a great many implications: but the writer seems seldom prepared to draw and drive home his conclusions. This is the more a pity because there are some points at which he shows that he has lost none of his old clear-sightedness and courage.

Mr. Marquand takes a leading place among the few South African writers who have seen, for example, that "a progressive and rationally conducted abolition of Reserves—a process of de-reservation—would do much to improve the economy of the country"; and he does not hesitate to show what ravages are now being made in South Africa by the racial extremism of the Nationalists. Here and there his obsession with "impartiality"—amounting at times to what must seem a real want of charity—defeats its own end: to put emphasis on the over-stocking of the Reserves rather than on their over-population is to

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miss the real explanation of why the Reserves are "vast rural slums." To harp on the White workers' refusal to relax the industrial colour bar is to underestimate their fears of "dilution," and, to that extent, to misjudge their real motives. To insist too much on the "uniqueness" of South Africa's problem is to close one's eyes unnecessarily to helpful examples elsewhere. It is not true that South Africa's problems differ radically from those of other colonial powers: the problems of multi-racial democracy are present in several British colonies, while the French, for example, have shown that a racially mixed national Parliament can be made to work perfectly well.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,184

Set by Richard Lister.

The Times, in a recent Fourth Leader, was surprised to see our art critic drawing a metaphor from so hearty a pursuit as duck shooting. We believe we can do better than that and competitors are invited to write an extract from a critique of either a decisive hole in a Silver King Tournament or the winning try in a Varsity rugger match, in the style of any of our Arts and Entertainment critics. Limit 150 words. Entries by November 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,181

Set by Peter Pastmaster

We suggest that Professor Day Lewis's experiment with Virgil should be carried a stage further by adapting a number of classics for the Light Programme. The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from any colloquial rendering of *Beowulf*, the *Chanson de Roland*, *Paradise Lost*, *Phèdre*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Rape of the Lock*, *Idylls of the King*. Limit 16 lines.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

Many competitors failed to realise the difference between a "colloquial rendering" and pure parody. Great Anna's Hampton became the House of Commons and the adjacent meads the Battersea Power Station. Otherwise, entries showed a high standard of Partridgean Vernacular. Some, like Bill Dolphin, favoured the Corner House approach:

Juste ciel ! tout mon sang dans mes veines se glace.
O désespoir ! O crime ! O déplorable race !

became

You couldn't ! Good heavens ! My blood turns to ice !
What a family ! What crimes ! What a horrible vice !

Tennyson seemed to lend himself to stream-lining best. I liked John Kilner's "a decent type beside a decent girl" and Simon Shirley's Sir Bedivere:

And I am left, the last of all the lads,
To face dark days and years of agony
Among new types with very strange ideas.

S. H. Jarvis put Phèdre into Third Programme idiom by turning Racine into an excerpt from M. Anouilh:

La scene est à la gare, dans une petite principauté sud-européenne.

Hippolyte: *Pour le train de Paris examinons l'horaire;*
Je pars sous prétexte de rechercher mon père.
Six mois sans nouvelles de lui, c'est embêtant . . .

I congratulate W. B. Elcock and John R. Kohr for their bold assaults on the *Chanson de Roland* and highly commend R. J. P. Hewison, H. A. C. Evans, H. G. Taylor, P. M. and Christine Greenfield. First prize of two guineas to L. E. J. and the rest of the prize-money to be divided equally among the rest of the entries listed below.

PHÈDRE (*Act I, Scene 3*)

Phèdre: *I breathed again, Oenone, when he went;*
Felt much less nervous—almost innocent,
Was nice to Theseus, careful not to show
How bored I was, and tried to make things go.
But no, he had to have the bright idea—
God help us all ! of bringing me down here,
Where H. turned up—you know, the very man
From whom I'd bolted—and it all began
Again; I'd not had time, since first I met him
And took that ghastly knock-out, to forget him.
This time it wasn't just a crush I hid,
Oh God ! I wanted him—like hell I did !

L. E. J.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

First stood Achitophel (his real name Cooper),
Damned for all time by every learnèd snooper;
A wide boy, up to every little game;
Bolder than most and quite devoid of shame;
Forever on the move, despising law;
Power failed to please, demotion left him raw;
A fiery soul he had, which burned his body up;
A life too full for any mortal's cup;
All kinds of risks 'twas his delight to run;
The more the danger, why, the more the fun !
Happy alone when risking life and limb,
The view he took of sheltered life was dim.
Such overplus of wit his spirit had,
He seemed to all more than a little mad;
Else why, with blessings more than most men own,
Work his poor toiling body to the bone?

ALLAN M. LAING

BEOWULF

The dragon dawdled till day died;
Then he ripped from his runway, reeking redhot,
Fuming flames that flashed from his funnelmouth.
The airborne basilisk belched bonfires;
Skimming the sky he scoured the scared Scyldings,
Burning buildings till they blazed like beacons
And the flaring fires fried the flustered fighters,
Sieving the seven senses from those shaken souls.
Zooming into the zenith he zoned the zodiac
And dripped death and destruction on all dwellings,
Roasting their ramparts with rings of radiance.
His devastation done, before day dawned
The wyvern winged his whiffling way
With bombardon bellows back to his burrow
Where he guarded his guerdon of golden goblets . . .

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There My Sin (French), securely stoppered, lies;
Here iron curlers, there some plastic grips,

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Insects and beasties all stuck on a pin ;
Now awful beauty puts on awful breasts
(Sustained by suction while she charms the guests),
False fingernails, long lashes one by one,
And prays to heaven that the stuff won't run ;
Rouges her cheeks a practised pink, and tries
A new mascara with an old surmise ;
Restoratives and straps applied with care
Have raised the chin, returned the falling hair ;
Thus held together through each trying day
Gets some return for such a big outlay.

PAT BULLEN

PARADISE LOST (*Book IV*, 639-654)

It's all the same to me what time it is
When I'm with you ; I don't care if it snows,
It's nice to get up early in the morning
And listen to the birds that beat you to it.
It gives you quite a kick to see the sun
Light up the landscape, chasing off the dew.
And then again there's nothing like the smell
Of fresh, damp earth after a spot of rain.
I like the way that twilight settles down,
And all at once it's night ; there goes an owl,
And there's the moon, with all the blinking stars.
Yet somehow, honey, the soft morning air,
The dew, the birdies singing fit to bust,
Sunshine and shower, morning, noon and night—
To cut it short, the programme as before,
When you are not around, just leaves me flat.

LESLIE JOHNSON

CHESS : Twelve Moves Ahead

No. 161.

Two or three years ago we had a good deal of argument in this column on how far ahead a chess player can be expected to see ; I have just been reminded of the subject by Reuben Fine's new book—*The World's Great Chess Games*, published by André Deutsch at 16s.—an entertaining as well as instructive selection of what the author considers the most significant games from Philidor to Botvinnik. I have no quarrel either with his selection or his comments, least of all on the one of his own games which he calls "most satisfying." He played it (White) against Steiner at Hollywood, 1945, and as for the germination of a position pregnant with combinative possibilities nothing could be more significant than Fine's own comment on his 14 move : "The position where I did not bother to look ahead, I felt confident that something would turn up." But a couple of moves later intuition had to yield to calculation : "Black is beginning to consolidate his position," says the author, "and here I had to look ahead." He did, in fact look ahead precisely twelve moves. No record, numerically, but pretty enough. Let's see.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(12) R x R	Q x R
(2) P-QB4	P x P	(13) Kt-B3	Q-R4
(3) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(14) P-K4	Kt-Q2
(4) P-K3	P-K3	(15) P-Q5	Kt-Q1
(5) B x P	P-B4	(16) Kt-Q4 !	P-Kt5
(6) O-O	P-QR3	(17) Kt(3)-Kt5 !	P-K4
(7) Q-K2	P-QKt4	(18) Q x P	P x Kt
(8) B-Kt3	B-Kt2	(19) Kt-B7 ch	K-K2
(9) P-QR4	P-B5	(20) P-K5 !	Kt x P
(10) B-B2	Kt-B3	(21) R-K1	P-B3
(11) P x P	P x P	(22) P-Q6 ch ! !	K x P

Here Fine played (23) Kt-Kt5 ch, whereupon Steiner gave up his Q for the Kt and resigned a few moves later. But the combination foreseen by Fine as he embarked on it on his 16 move, was meant to proceed like this : (23) . . . K-K2 ; (24) R x Kt ch !, P x R ; (25) B-Kt5 ch, K-K1 ; (26) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q2 ; (27) B-B5 ch, K-Q3 ; (28) Kt-K8 mate.

Among numerous tasty morsels to be found in Fine's book here is one not nearly as well known as it ought to be. The place was London, the time just over 130 years ago, the victim was the great McDonnell, and the hero none other than the legendary Captain Evans, the very same who sired that famous gambit which most of us, these days, are sufficiently afraid of to hold it beneath contempt. Here's how the valiant Captain floored his great opponent.

(1) R x Kt ch !	Q x R	(4) Q x KP ch	K-Q2
(2) Kt x BP ! !	Q-R5	(5) Q-K6 ch	K-B2
(3) Q-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(6) B-Q6 mate	

Obviously (2) . . . Kt x Kt would have been countered by (3) B-Kt5 ch, P-B3 ; (4) Q-K6 ch, etc.

A : Koltanowsky 1937

In this week's competition the usual 4-pointer for beginners comes out of Fine's book too. Considering that Koltanowsky played this game blindfold and along with seven others, it should be easy enough to see how he brought about a triumphant conclusion in a couple of moves. **B**—White to draw—is an instructive endgame study which may be amply rated with 6 ladder-points ; but the 7 points for **C**—White to win—may be almost miserly if I did not add the hint that this study is remindful of a game of hide-and-seek.

B : Zachodjakin 1947

C : M. Liburkin 1949

Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 11

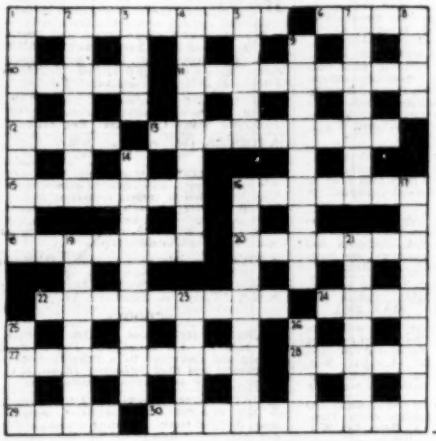
A : (1) B-Q3, KtxB, (2) R-R6, etc.
B : (1) K-K4, B any, (2) Kt-Q6, etc., if (1) . . . K-Kt6, (2) Q-K2, etc., if (1) . . . K-Kt4, (2) Q-P ch, etc., (1) K-Kt6 ? is countered by (1) . . . BxP because (2) Kt-Q6 would now lead to stalemate.
C : (1) R-Q8 ch, K-R2, (2) R-R8, Kt-Kt1 !, (3) RxKt, R-K2 !, (4) B-Kt7, K-Kt3, (5) B-R6 !, K-R4, (6) B-Kt5, K-Kt5, (7) B-R4, K-R6, (8) B-Kt3, K-Kt7, (9) B-R2, K-R8, (10) B-Kt1, etc.

Some competitors were stumped by **A** and a good many (even of the cracks) by **C**. Prizes shared by C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, R. J. Hackett. In last week's competition some flaws have been discovered just in time to be dealt with. In **A** there should be an additional White P on QB3, and in **B** the White K should be on KR3.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 20

LITERARY



ACROSS

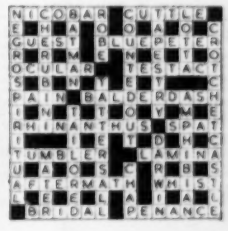
1. Easy rank (10).
6. "Hollow pampered jades of ——" (Henry IV, Pt. II) (4).
10. How ancient literature might be preserved (5).
11. Go too far like Massinger's extortioner (9).
12. The dog went mad to gain some private ones (4).
13. Adaptable piece of poetry with a change of ending in it (9).
15. "Great wits are sure to —— near allied" (Dryden) (7).
16. In your old-fashioned surroundings I come with a word for a publisher's grandson (7).
18. Dickensian ink puns (7).
20. Poets are "the —— of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present" (Shelley) (7).
22. They are written for one person only (4, 5).
24. What the toves did (4).
27. Steal a partner from Wycherley (9).
28. Belinda's lock was (5).
29. Necessary if one wants to set a Ximenes puzzle (4).
30. Calling in Rain (10).

DOWN

1. He writes about Oxford and preserves class distinction (9).
2. "And she a fair —— excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him" (King John) (7).
3. Park where the evil side of one's personality is uppermost ? (4).
4. What Crimsworth does for a living (9).
5. Ends or means in religious writing (5).
7. Whose lady should bring tears to one's eyes (7).
8. The display is painful without Peter (4).
9. From the railway I go to the market-place for a girl (9).
14. V.I.P., hero and saint in Dickens (9).
16. Eve makes an alteration in the Petter manuscripts (9).
17. When the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world (9).
19. Symbol of resurrection in Finnegan's Wake (7).
21. Sacred place of love with possibly a play I'm after (7).
23. Agatha Christie's evidence of innocence (5).
25. Treasure Island's black sign of death (4).
26. Composed by the Sitwells (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 19



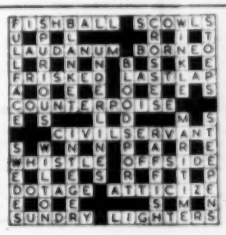
Week-end Crossword No. 17 (October 11th)

SOLUTION AND RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION

Prize-winners : 1st : L. E. Thomas (Bangor), 2nd : A. C. Pope (Brighton), 3rd : E. J. Rackham (Totton).

Consolation prizes : Frank Rhoden (Hastings), J. D. M. Bell (Glasgow), Niall MacCarmaig (Glasgow), Bill Owen (Ewell), F. H. Thorpe (Southsea), Ian Smith (Edinburgh).

1st Prize Clues : CIVIL SERVANT : Butler's assistant, may be, in charge of the silver.
WINKLE : A novel sport indeed—giving up the game after victory!



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE New England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economics. Commencing salary will be within the range £A650 to £A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50, and a cost of living adjustment at present £A234 for males and £A173 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 3 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is November 30, 1952.

THE University of Leeds, Brotherton Library. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Librarian. The salary scale is £1,000—£50—£1,300, and the initial salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. A good Honours degree and administrative experience in a library are essential. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (3 copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than Monday, November 24, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Research Fellow in Social Psychology tenable for two years in the first place with possibility of renewal for a third year. Stipend of £400 to £500 per annum, plus F.S.S.U. benefits and children's allowances. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom Conditions of Appointment and Forms of Application may be obtained), not later than November 8, 1952. The University, Aberdeen. W. S. Angus, Secretary.

B.B.C. requires Music Assistant in Manchester. Work includes discovery and stimulation of musical talent and production of musical programmes of all kinds, with special reference to soloists and choirs. Assistant will be responsible for arranging auditions and maintaining index of regional artists and choirs. Professional qualifications and practical experience in music essential. Some administrative experience desirable, as he will act as deputy in absence of Head of North Regional Music. Salary £900 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,195 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Manchester N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant at Cardiff. Duties include production of varying types of programme in Sound and exploration of possible material for Television, and involve selecting and editing material and booking and rehearsing artists. Requirements include: good general education, wide interests, some specialised knowledge of music, the arts, science or sport, enterprise and initiative in formulating programme ideas of widely varying types and putting them into operation, knowledge of Wales and Welsh language. Salary £795 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,065 p.a. maximum. Initial appointment may be made at lower grade with prospect of later promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A. Cardiff N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Announcer in Cardiff. Duties include preparation and editing of announcements, timing programmes and taking charge of 'speakers' and artists at microphone. Essential qualifications: good microphone voice, complete fluency in Welsh and English, with ability to translate quickly from one language to the other, correct pronunciation of French, German and Italian. Good general education, knowledgeable interest in music, current affairs and literature are desirable. Starting salary £590 or £795 p.a. rising by 5 annual increments to £800 or £1,065. A candidate appointed at lower grade will have prospect of promotion to higher any time after 3 months' qualifying service, subject to reaching requisite standard. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Announcer N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a. env.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of a resident female Supervisor at Valence Boarding Special School, Westerham, Kent, for 70 physically handicapped boys and girls aged 7 to 15 (no bed cases). Supervisor undertakes duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £270 - £12 to £306 a year, full board, lodging and laundry provided. Fee £78 a year. Applications to Divisional Education Officer, 59 Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, together with two recent testimonials and names of two referees.

RESIDENT Help, requ., part-time, to business couple & school-child. Good home and pay. SPE. 6055.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. will shortly require Programme Assistant for Chinese Section. Duties include translation of news bulletins and talks into Chinese, writing original material in Chinese and reading at microphone (in Kuoyu and preferably also in Cantonese). Qualifications: Chinese (Kuoyu or Cantonese) as mother tongue, good microphone voice, ability to speak good English, journalistic experience and interest in international and British affairs. Selected candidates will undergo microphone, translation and essay tests. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £710 with prospects of promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Chinese N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

JOINT Intelligence Bureau Officers (Grade II), Ministry of Defence. The Civil Service Commissioners will fill up to ten established posts by interview in December, 1952, and January, 1953. Candidates must be at least 30 on October 1, 1952, and must have a University degree (preferably a good Honours degree) or equivalent academic qualification, or Corporate Membership of a professional body. The duties are research work of University type on matters of defence interest. Salary £760-£985 men, £628-£849 women. Details and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4169/52. Completed application forms must be received by November 20, 1952.

NATIONAL Voluntary Housing organisation requires Senior Administrative Assistant (Male). Salary £600 to £750 according to qualifications and experience. Age limit 45. Please apply within 14 days to Sec. (Appointments), 13 Suffolk St., S.W.1.

CITY of Sheffield, Children's Department. Chief Boarding-Out Officer (Woman) required with degree or Social Science Diploma. Must also be capable organiser, and able to control staff. Superannuable post in Grade A.P.T. IV (£555 - £15—£600). N.J.C. conditions of service. Medical examination. Applications, giving age, qualifications, experience and two referees, by November 8, 1952, to: John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield 1.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Youth Service. Revised Advertisement. Appointment of Full-time Club Leader. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Club Leader at the Molesey Youth Club, East Molesey, Surrey. The club is a mixed one, 15 to 20 years of age, and meets in its own premises. Practical experience of work in mixed clubs is essential, and preference will be given to applicants who have obtained Certificate of Training. Salary in accordance with the approved scales:—Men: £375 × £20—£525; Women: £145 × £20—£465, plus London Weighting. Forms of application with full particulars available on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

EXPERIENCED Matron and Assistant required in January for co-educational school in West Country with proportion of difficult children. Box 4611.

MALADJUSTED children: Assist. Matron required at small residential school. Salary £150/£200, plus board and lodging. Apply: Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, York, Sheffield, Birmingham, London, etc. Apply F.S.U., 159, Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPLICATIONS are invited by Y.W.C.A. for appointment as General Secretary for Sheffield. Post involves responsibility for all the work in the City, which comprises Central building, one branch club and a residential hostel. Candidates should have wide experience of social work and community contacts and be in full sympathy with the Christian purpose of the Y.W.C.A. and its international work. Salary £240/£290 with full residence in furnished flat in Central building. Apply by letter: Training & Personnel Secretary, 108 Baker St., W.1.

IMPORTANT firm of import/export merchants established in Aden require a Secretary for one of their Directors. Really first-class qualifications and experience essential, some understanding of French an advantage. Excellent salary and prospects for the right person, who is prepared for hard work and long and often irregular hours. Two-year contract at outset, followed by three months' leave on full pay. Write, giving full particulars, to A. Besse & Co. (London) Ltd., 106 Weston St., London, S.E.1.

HOLIDAY staff for house parties wanted Xmas and Easter weeks; cook-caterers or cooks used to numbers. Also helpers. Box 4614.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN social worker, 30, qualified, expd., seeks post in South. Box 4493.

CONFIDENTIAL Private Secretary, male, single, 30, lately senior post with well-known public figure, used considerable responsibility for original work, seeks similar or junior admin. post. Verbatim shorthand, typing, expert office methods. Box 4521.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YNG. lady sks. job abroad. Pref. Spain/Italy. Books/sec./domestic &c. Box 4557.

EXECUTIVE, early thirties, seeking fresh fields would welcome opening, not necessarily commercial, in progressive and interesting work. Considerable administrative ability, oversea experience, languages, drive, used to responsibility. Salary not first consideration. Box 4421.

JOURNALIST (m.), 25, seeks feature writing/research post or suggestions. Responsible, imaginative. Interests country, antiquarian, literary. Box 4564.

ENGLISH-German shorthand-typist sks. post; part-time considered. Box 4581.

PLEASANT girl, B.A., Social Science cert., languages, interested people, art, books, seeks work, pref. London. Box 4584.

YOUNG girl, devoted to music, L.R.A.M., some literary talent wants job (not sectl.), in musical world. Pay no object. Box 4593.

ATTRACTIVE yng. lady sks. interesting post, home or abroad. Certificated teacher, exper. of sec. work, accounts, etc. Hard-working. Versatile. Anything considered. Excellent refs. Box 4515.

RESEARCH copyist work wanted by young man, 30, available daily in London area. Box 4480.

IRISHWOMAN, awaiting B.A. results, requires interesting job. Anything, anywhere, considered. Box 4554.

ALERT educated woman, middle-aged, experienced in secretarial and committee work, the needs of children and the handling of people, not afraid of work or difficulties, would like position where these qualities would be of real use. Box 4555.

WRITER (f.), rapid typg., sks. post assist. inlst./author. Wd. live in. Box 4616.

FELLOWSHIPS

LEVERHULME Research Fellowships, 1953. Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants for research. The Fellowships and Grants are intended for senior workers who are prevented by routine duties or pressure of other work from carrying out research. They are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. In exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. The Trustees are also prepared to consider applications from groups of workers engaged upon co-operative programmes of research particularly from those engaged upon long-distance programmes. The duration of the awards will not normally extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount will depend on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. M. Branney, Leverhulme Research Fellowships, 15 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 1910. Applications must be received on or before December 31, 1952. Awards will be announced in May and will date from September 1, 1953.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Bryanston St., Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Open 6 days a week, including week-ends (not Tues.). Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, discussion groups, English classes for foreigners, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5088.

T. S. ELIOT'S "Waste Land," "Prufrock," "Hollow Men" and "Ash Wednesday" on one long-playing record ARS 1001 read by Robert Speaight. Argo Record Company, 29 George Street, W.1.

MUSIC From Bali recorded at the Winter Garden Theatre during the recent historic visit of the Gamelan Orchestra and Dancers from Pliatan, Indonesia, on long-playing records ARS 1006-7. Argo Records.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

DO you practice economy? You will make substantial savings in your budget by using the Omnia Press and Secretarial Service, 70 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1, MUSeum 9419, for printing, duplicating, typing, all secretarial work. Rush work welcome.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 45 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

LEARN Shorthand by December 1 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

SMOKY seal-pointed house-trained pedigree Siamese kittens, males 4gns., females 3gns. David Garnett, Hilton Hall, Huntingdon.

FOR fireside happiness and hours of rest, A book, your pipe, Tom Long are best.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscription: £2 10s. 6d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Music Review," the progressive British musical quarterly, now in its 15th year; February, May, August and November; editor, Geoffrey Sharp. Single copies (80 or more pages), 12s. 6d. net, postage 4d.; annual subscription £2 2s., post free, from the Publishers, W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Prospectus on request, or send 6s. for specimen.

FACT, the Labour Party's National Monthly, is now on sale at newsagents' shops throughout the country. In a bright popular manner the enlarged "Fact" will continue to give reliable and up-to-date background information to the news. Place your order for "Fact" with your newsagent to-day. Price 6d.

"LABOUR Israel." Magazine journal for Socialism, Zionism, World Peace. 4s. 6d. p.a. from Mishnar Publications, Ltd., 8, York Place, Strand, W.C.2.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

IF you are prudish or easily shocked don't read Carrier's novel "The Hunt." Its frank treatment of a psychological theme will shock and startle many. We consider it the most original talented novel published by us. From your bookseller, or 12s. post free Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

PARIS Literary, Fashion & Cinema magazines on subscription. Price list A.F.P., Ltd. (Dept. P.66), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talparth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FROXFIELD, nr. Petersfield. House for sale, det., facing South, ¾-acre garden, garage space, main water, near bus. 3 bedrooms, 2 rec. (1 with sofona, 1 s/sw comb. stove), K'nette, bathroom, etc. Calor gas cooker, water heater. In excel. order. Vac. poss., £3,100 quick sale. No agents. Box 4553.

NR. Guildford. Detached country cottage. All main services. 2 beds., 2 downstairs, bathroom, scullery. Garage, sheds. Garden. £2,500 or offer. Tel. Guildford 1946.

BOURNEMOUTH. Executors' sale. Modern detached freehold residence in quiet residential district, two mins. level walk of main road, buses & shops. 3 bed. (one 17ft. × 12ft. 3in.), tiled bath., 2 rec., brkfst rm. & kit. Excel. decorative order. Pleas. gdn. Garage space. Offers on £3,000 invited. Jolliffe & Flint (Est. 1874), Bournemouth. Tel. 36.

GT. Bardfield, Essex, cottage. 2 bed., 2 sit., kit., main elec./water, phone. £1,750/exch. one nearer Cambridge. Box 4415.

MODERN (1947) residence, S.W.6. 6 rms. Gdn. F'hold. £3,850. Box 4510.

ATTRACTIVE house at Barons Court converted into 2 self-contained maisonettes. Vac. Possession of upper, containing 5 rms., kit. & bathrm. Lower producing approx. £190 p.a. incl. Good Lease, £2,300, open to offer. Cookes & Burrell, opp. W. Kensington Stn., W.14. FUL. 0070/3101.

HOUSE for sale (3 s/c. flats), freehold, possession Maisonette, two upper floors 2 mins. trolley bus terminus, Highgate Rd., N.W.5. Taylor, 46, Gleahurst Ave., N.W.5.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 10gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns.

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school; children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities; pupils sit common entrance exam. 11 up.

GOOD manners, sound education, happy home for boys over three at Staddles, Chute Lodge, Near Andover.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

ADVERTISING, Sales Promotion & Public Relations Specialist, 41, now occupying senior management position and possessing wide business, creative and organising experience, seeks post with Trade Union, Co-operative or Labour Movement. Particularly well-equipped to act as Publicity Adviser, but any other appointment involving broad promotional functions and responsibilities equally of interest. Box 4507.

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NURSERY group near Regent's Park. 2-5 years. Reasonable fees. Fully trained staff. Ambassador 2593.

WOMAN writer and broadcaster (widow) with three children (all at day school) requires working housekeeper to live in. Pleasant bed-sitting room, many free evenings. Apply Olive Shapley, HAM. 0902.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks any full or part-time work, 4-6 mths. Box 4590.

MAN offered partnership farming 14 remote acres near Exmoor; big barns, ex-dissolution farmhouse. Live in primitive cottage nearby, with use farmhouse c.h.w., bath, meals, books. No money but aim return to Benedictine way of life, & work. Box 4439.

EVENING cooking: who would shop & cook slimming evg. meal (1 pers.), S. Kns. dist., for approx. 7.30 p.m.? Box 4615.

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths.' stay, pocket money, to well-educ. yng. ladies—willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 4547.

FRENCH tuition, by native French teacher, licencie. Box 4549.

FINHAUT.—Winter Sports for adults and children at lovely Swiss village. Accompanied parties or individual travel. C. Ruckett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Tel. 256.

ARTIST, regular R.A. Exhibitor with small private income, can afford to paint or sculp portraits for mere overheads involved. Tuition given in both mediums. Allinson, R.B.A., 87a Chilton Hill, N.W.8.

COLONIAL student urgently needs loan to complete studies. Refs. Box 4383.

IF you have always wanted a Radiogram of faultless and connoisseur performance please ask my advice and free estimates. My speciality is to build these instruments into a favourite piece of furniture, antique or modern, or according to your individual requirements. Servicing and making over old radiograms up to the minute also undertaken with extreme precision. Cooper, WEL. 7539.

INCOME Tax matters attended to. Traders' books written up, weekly, monthly, annually. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Road, London, N.W.3. 'Phone Hampstead 6666.

A Portrait taken at John Vickers' Studio need cost no more than 3 gns. Sittings with Mr. Vickers himself cost from 7 gns. He specialises in portraits of those who have come to regard themselves as "difficult" subjects. An appointment is essential. VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

PROFESSIONAL Exhibiting Artists give lively stimulating tuition in painting at their Fitzroy Street Studio. The most interesting portrait and nude models. Discussions on art, good coffee and biscuits during life intervals. Genuine beginners are given specialised attention. 'Phone: MUSeum 4340.

RELAXATION-therapy for various nervous conditions. Manipulation, Massage, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St. London W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for broch.

WELL-known Dutch portrait painter can undertake a few more portraits, also children's (at your home). Few sittings, mod. charges. Tel.: PRI. 9185 after 5.

NURSE Olivier. Colds, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

MORSE Films can make you a film on any subject at greatly reduced commercial rates. HAM 8721 or 23 Well Walk, N.W.3.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 21d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

I ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

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SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from the face & body by the latest Continental method—expert attention—perfect results—no scars. Electro Cosmetics, Ltd., 25 Welbeck St., London, W.1. WEL. 1754.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS ski-ing party to Lech/Arlberg 6th December 20-January 4 invites few others. Excellent ski-ing for experts or beginners. Three ski-lifts. 16 days' holiday £36 15s., spending money £11. Also Dec. 27 parties to Obergurgl and Kitzbühel. Full details Winter Sports arrangements from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LOAN Steinway Baby Grand offd., responsible musician by pianist needing some access for own work. London. Box 4660.

WEEK-END Party at Hove, Sussex, November 21-24. Enjoy a breath of sea air and spend a gay weekend in pleasant company. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CHILDREN'S Hotel, Brighton. Happy holidays, convalescence, in parents' absence. 10 Montpelier Villas, Brighton 23479.

ABBATT Toys. We have for 20 years been pioneering toys appropriate to each age of child. The toys are so strong, they are often passed on to other children when the original owners have finished with them. Visit our shop in good time. Shoppers by post should write for free illustrated catalogue to Dept. N.S.4, 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs (6d.–2s. 3d.) from The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns., London, W.8. Samples post free.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

PRIVATE Xmas House Party leaving London by Air on Dec. 20 for Majorca and Ibiza 15-day holiday with all festivities and fully inclusive. 72 guineas. V. Form £15. Write for details to Connoisseurs Travel Club Regd. Box 4337.

CHEAPEST offer winter sports with maximum spending money. Switzerland: 10 days from £22 11s. 6d. (with independent return £27 9s. 6d.). Austria: 10 days from £21 18s. 6d. (with independent return £25 7s.), also France, Italy, Norway, etc. Write for programme of independent and organised holidays. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Telephone: Euston 4181.

CHRISTMAS at the Ditchling Press: a selection of Christmas Cards, Rhyme Sheets, Booklets, etc., is now ready. Please write for free Christmas List to the Ditchling Press, Ditchling, Hassocks, Sussex.

GOOD colour can transform your home or greatly increase its value for sale. Our experience saves you trouble, money and regrets. We bring a multitude of colours and contemporary papers, help you design an individual scheme for each room. Fee £1 1s. per room (less for big houses), minimum £5 5s. We cope also with exteriors, improvements and conversions. Details K.R.P.I., Ltd., 76 Colney Hatch Lane, N.10.

BRING out your latent talents. Pelmanism will eliminate your difficulties and strengthen and develop qualities of the utmost value in every walk of life. Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces. Write for free copy of "The Science of Success," which fully describes the Course, Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

PIANIST, with special interest in the teaching of systematic technique, has vacancies for a few pupils in London or N. Surrey. Phone Martin Wilson, VIGilant 4528.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher, Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, London, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

HAVE a rest in quiet Irish village. Comf. house, Continental cooking. French or German conversation. £6 wkly. Box 4169.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 9½ 6d. Florestan Company, 36, Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey. Excellent present.

TUITION in Pure and Applied Maths. to A. and S. levels. Nr. Baker St. Box 3794.

THE Oxford Centre for Psychotherapy in London has been renamed the London Centre for Psychotherapy. Partics. from Secy., 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., W.1.

EIDO-Analysis. New technique for analysing arguments, beliefs, outlooks of others, by comparative study of ideas; gives ability to express own views adequately and convincingly. Details Wichelo, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

THE Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9, "the home of modern Nature Cure." Brochure gladly sent on request.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing.—Details M.A. Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

PERFECT Russian speaker gives lessons or conversation 5s. per hour or by arrangement. Ring KEN. 9751 or write Mrs. Nunberg, 8 Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

FRENCH tuition by French student, 6 sh. p. hr. Maids Vale 3937, till 8 p.m.

BE taller. "Adhite" men's shoes increase height 2in. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, E.C.1.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for literary and topical discussion one evening a week in private house, Wimbledon. For details telephone WIM. 0568.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PERSONAL—continued

ENGLISH for foreigners from English graduate. Especially for French, Germans or Spaniards. Box 3677.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland. Small escorted party Xmas & New Year, 15 days, 42gns. (Air 52gns.). Other departures. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Caringford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." Membership 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Bus 539). "Christmas Bridge." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Rawlan film, "Academician Pavlov." Tues., Nov. 4, 7.30. Mems.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun., 9.30. "Irving Cabaret." Ends Nov. 2. From Tues., Nov. 4, same times, Idric Connor's "Cabaret Caribbean." Mems.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "Condemned to Live," an unusual thriller. Mems. 5s. yearly.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until further notice Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (A). "El Dorado" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Nov. 2, 7.30. "Les Casses Pieds" (U) (French).

SCALA Theatre, British Premiere: "Broken Fetters," Life of Taras Shevchenko, Ukrainian poet. Also "Soviet Latvia." Wednesday, Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (S.A. Env. please.)

PECKHAM Film Society. BRI. 1436 South London Premiere: "Krakatit" (Czech), November 6. Co-op. House, Rye Lane.

JOHN Pritchard and members of Covent Garden cast illustrate Verdi's "A Masked Ball" to Opera Circle, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1., Sunday, Nov. 2 at 8. Followed by informal reception. Only 75 more members can be enrolled at present subscription £1 11s. 6d. Further parties: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 7513.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Nov. 10 at 8. Isaac Stern, Violin Recital. Works Beethoven, Bach, Paganini, etc. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 9191 & Agents.

DR. Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas, Gordon Watson, London Symphony Orchestra, Morley College Choir, Cond. Robert Irving. Palace Theatre, Sun., November 16, 7.30. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Bartók (2nd Piano Concerto), and 1st perf. "The Shadow of Cain." (Edith Sitwell-Humphrey Searle). Tkts. 3s. 6d.-21s.; Chappells (MAY. 7600), agents & Theatre on night of concert.

YFRAH Neaman and Howard Ferguson. Violin and Piano Sonata Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3. Works by Bach, Mozart, Ferguson, Bloch. 6s., 5s., & Williams', Ltd., 31 Charges St., W.1.

THE Savill String Orchestra. First appearance, 8 p.m. on November 4 at Chelsea Town Hall. Conductor: Patrick Savill. Soloists: Dorothy Bond, Maria Korchinska, Harry Isaacs. Works by Vivaldi, Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Sibelius, Bloch, Wordsworth (1st perf.). Tickets at hall.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6, at 8.15. Concert. Vocal and instrumental music by Martin Peerson and Orlando Gibbons by the Singer-Elizabethan Consort at the Great Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tkts. 6s., Students 3s. 6d.: London Music Group, 11 Lansdowne Crescent, W.11, and at door.

NEGRO Folk Music Recital by America's most famous singer of the blues, folk songs and ballads, Big Bill Broonzy. Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 8s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. 4 Earlham St., W.C.2. Temple Bar 1762/3/4.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Recital by Suzanne Rozsa (violin), Paul Hamburger (piano). Sunday, November 2 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

HUNGARIAN (Magyar) Evening: folk instrument ensemble; songs with a guitar—Johnny Ambrose; folk art display, refreshments and Hungarian wines. British-Hungarian Friendship Society, 13 Pembridge Square, W.2., on November 9 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. Members (Guests 2s. 6d.).

VIENNA Arts Ball. Porchester Hall, W.2. Nov. 14, 7.30-12. Booking at Chappells (MAY. 7600), Barnes (MAL. 6000), Whiteleys (BAY. 1234) & C.A.P.C. (PAD. 8620).

EXHIBITIONS

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhibition of Works by Artists of the Galerie de France—Gischia, Lagrange, Manessier, Pignon, Singier, etc.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

TOOTH'S: Colin Middleton, paintings 1947-1952. Daily 9.30-6; Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W.1. Closing Nov. 8.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gericault (1791-1824)—first exhibition since 1820—in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal. Admission 2s., students 1s. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

MERSEYSIDE Artists from the Sandon Studios Society, Liverpool. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 22. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., W.1. Sculpt. & Drawings by McWilliam. Paintings by Robin Campbell. Until Nov. 8.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields).

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oils and Gouaches by W. B. Henderson; Important French Paintings; Recent paintings by Olive Snell; Drawings by Donald Friend. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibn. closes Nov. 22.

8 Young Painters. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6; Sundays 2-6.

POTTERY by John Shelly. Opening Wednesday, November 5, at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. TEM. 7413.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Sculpture: Elisabeth Frink, John Harvey, Michael Werner. Paintings: Laxman Pai.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. A group of fine French paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London W.1. French Paintings between Courbet and Chagall. Josef Herman, Burgundy Drawings.

EXHIBN. of Paintings by Paul Aguilar, Eric N. Atkinson, Roger M. Pring, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Roy Turner Durrant and George Borchard. October 26 to November 30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. The Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled "Economic Stability in the Modern World" will be delivered by Professor John H. Williams (Harvard), at the University of London: Senate House, W.C.1, on Tuesday, November 11, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Labour Party's Policy on Foreign and Colonial Affairs," by Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., Thursday, November 6, at 8 p.m., at All Nations Social Club, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

F. T. WILLEY, M.P. "Limits of Social Responsibility for Welfare." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn., Sun., Nov. 2, 7.45.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers' Association. 2nd Annual Lecture: "Sir Thomas Phillipps," by A. N. L. Munby. Monday, Nov. 10, 6.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from A.B.A., 15 Orange St., W.C.2.

ROBERT Atkins on "Shakespeare at the Ring." Wed., Nov. 5, 7.30. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tickets 2s. (s.a.e.) Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte Street, W.1.

FRANK Byers and Philip Fothergill will give the Liberal Answer at Kensington Town Hall on Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.15. Tkts. 2s. & 3s., available from London Liberal Party, 34, Victoria St., S.W.1. ABB. 6909.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Lectures on English Domestic Architecture. Great Houses near London, Thursdays, 7 p.m. Second lecture November 6, third November 13, fourth November 20. By Miss Helen Lowenthal, B.A. (1023)

"TOWN and Country" A lecture will be given by Ralph Wightman, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 3, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

INTELLIGENCE Testing: Why Soviet Teachers Oppose It. Lecture on Mass Educability by C. G. T. Giles. Chair: Lady Simon of Wythenshawe. At Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1, Thurs., Nov. 6, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (send s.a.e.), or at door.

LE Club du Faubourg, 6A New Compton St., W.C.2. Temple Bar 3003. Wed., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Pierre Hofstetter, journaliste, "Georges Simenon n'est pas un auteur de romans policiers." Non-mems. welcome.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. Jon Kimche: "Israel and Middle East." Nov. 2, 8 p.m., 37 Broadhurst Gdns. N.W.6.

D. L. MURRAY will speak on "Greek Drama and Religion." Nov. 7, 8.30 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (or Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

MANKIND on the March—Aspects of Co-operation Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way. November 5, 7.30 p.m. Alr. W. P. Watkins, B.A., on "International Aid." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

JEWISH Forum. (1) "Does the Reparations Agreement affect German-Jewish Relations?" Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Great Windmill St., W.1. Tues., Nov. 4, 8 p.m.

SEX Education Society. 7.30 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 6, Mary Ward Settlement Hall, 5-7, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. Lecture by Mr. R. Wood on "Psychological Factors in Marital Adjustment." Non-mems. 2s. This will be last lecture of this Society.

"INDUSTRIAL Society and the Contemporary Dilemma," by R. Edgar Rawson. 4th Tutorial Lecture at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, on Friday, Nov. 7, at 7 p.m. Admission 3s. Syllabus from Hon. Sec., London Panel of Personal Consultants, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NOEL Annan on "Britain and World Security." 2nd Fabian Autumn Lecture, Tues., Nov. 4, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d., 4s. at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Nov. 5, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Subject: Western Germany." Spkr. John Parker, M.P. Adm. 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Important Meaning of Initiative." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 11 a.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 8, at 6 p.m. Herr Willi Longerich: "Mein erster Tag in London."

BUDDHIST Society: Wed., Nov. 5, 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture. "The Origin and End of Life." Mr. P. Mehta at Caxton Hall Westminster, S.W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Mrs. V. A. M. Storr. "The Rights of Animals." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Oct. 31 R. T. Smith, "The Social Significance of the Health Service."

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thursday, November 6, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mr. Léopold Levaux, Professor at the University of Liege. Subject: "Dostoievsky, Génie russe."

K. ZILLIACUS on "Korea," N.W. London Fabian Society Meeting at King Alfred School, North End Road, N.W.11 (210 bus from G. Green tube station) on Thursday, November 6, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Nov. 4 at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Desmond Buckle will speak on "Czechoslovakia—Home of Friendship." Chair: Mr. Laurie MacDonald. All welcome.

DINNER in honour of Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., Vice-President of the World Council for Peace, on Friday, Nov. 14, 1952, 7.15 p.m., at "Chez Auguste," Frith St., W.1. Tkts. 12s. 6d. from S. Goldbloom, 3 Muswell Ave., N.10. Brit. Peace Cttee.

YUGOSLAVIA, Reunion and Public Meeting. Friends' House, Euston Road. Nov. 14, 7 p.m. Speakers: Leah Manning, Charles Frend. Films: "The Bridge," "Dalmatian Coast." Holiday Friendship Service.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public Meetings at Denison House Hall, Vauxhall Bridge Road. (Near Victoria Station). Sundays fortnightly at 7 p.m. November 9: "Has Man Progressed?" A. Turner. November 16: "Socialists and War" C. May.

19TH Congress Communist Party of the Soviet Union. John Gollan, Asst. Editor, Daily Worker, fraternal delegate, will speak on the Congress at Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1 (Tube: Angel), Monday, Nov. 3, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6d. All welc. Org. by London District Communist Party.

"SOVIET Music To-day." Lecture by Bernard Stevens. Monday, November 3, at 7.30 p.m. (coffee from 7.0) at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WES. 1571). Admission 1s. 6d. (Members and Students 1s.).

"THE Bauhaus": lecture by Mrs. Lucia Moholy, F.R.P.S. (Finsbury Art Group). Tues., Nov. 4, 8.15. Finsbury Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Adm. 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 2: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Is there a Soul? Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., Nov. 2, 7.30 p.m. Recorded Concert. Thurs., Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Lecture & Reading from Finnigan's Wake by William MacAlpine. Fri., Nov. 7, 8 p.m. Recorded Concert. Arnold Schoenberg.

FOUR Talks on the Mundaka Upanishad. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays at 1.10. Nov. 4: The Path of Light. Nov. 11: Meditation. Nov. 18: The Word of Power. Nov. 25: The Transcendental Truth.

MARRIAGE Law and National Health. An appeal for plural marriage for both sexes after 7 years. Edward Wilson, M.D. Non-Register. Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 2, 7 p.m. 1 min. Bayswater (Circle) and Queensway (Central) Underground. Collection. Also on Nov. 30.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welc. Nov. 2: "Light and Darkness."

PERSONALIST Group. Brains Trust on Existentialism and Psychology." Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Wednesday, November 5, at 7.30 p.m.

SEE and Hear Americans admit germ warfare guilt. Two Films and Brains Trust on Korea. Beaver Hall, Thurs., Nov. 6, 7.30. Tickets 1s. B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 4 p.m.; (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Nov. 6, 7.30 p.m. "Modern Man and His Quest." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "Coastal Morphology and Classification" will be given by Professor C. A. Cotton (Victoria University College, Wellington, N.Z.) at 5.30 p.m. on November 11 and 12 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., Walter Kolarz and Hugh Seton-Watson on "The Challenge of Communism." Nov. 7-9. Particulars from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"THE Criminal in Society." London Week-end Conference org. by Central London Fabian Society Nov. 22-23, at St. Anne's House, Dean St., Spkrs.: Miss Margery Fry, Mr. Basil Henriques and Mr. C. H. Rolph. Adm. (including tea) non-members 10s. Apply Miss A. Louch 14 Kingston Rd., New Malden, Surrey.

"THE Bases of Civilisation" (i.e., What are "Western Values"?) Course of 6 weekly lectures on Tuesdays at White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge (one min. Knightsbridge Tube). Start Tues. next, Nov. 4, 7.15 p.m. Lecturer C. A. Smith, M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc.(Econ.). Course Tkts. 7s. 6d.; single lects. 1s. 6d., from Common Cause, 66c Elizabeth St., S.W.1., or at door.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses November 17-21: "The Medium sized and Small Hospital." The particular problems of the smaller hospitals, their relation to each other and to groups will be discussed. December 12-14: "Science and Personality." This week-end will revolve round a modern statement of the old controversy between free will and determinism. Details & full Prog. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

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